

# ANNALS OF IOWA

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## A YOUNG SOLDIER'S CAREER

BY ELBRIDGE D. HADLEY

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[NOTE.—Valor in the ranks during the Civil War will never be ascribed more to one state than to another, nor will the valiant be thought less valiant if fortune led him from his native state into a sister state after the conflict. If he confer honor and dignity to the new citizenship corresponding with the brief youth and soldiership in the natal commonwealth, his whole life is the subject of interest equally in both.

Captain E. D. Hadley was a valiant soldier of New Hampshire, removing to Iowa in 1871 and to Des Moines in 1887. While immersed in business he has added an immeasurable portion to the good ends of the Iowa Grand Army of the Republic, to the Loyal Legion, and to the Sons of the American Revolution. Of such men and of the accounts of their contributions, Iowa never has had enough. Captain Hadley continues his patriotic service and THE ANNALS wishes to present his own story of his service in the Union Army.—E. R. H.]

The young soldier was a farmer's son. He had attended the district school and the academy and had been pronounced "fitted for college." He had taught two terms in the country schools of the Granite State. He was studying Greek and Latin between the loads of hay he had stowed away in the big barn, with the hope to enter Dartmouth College at an advanced grade. He had not been moved by any strong emotion toward enlisting till the disasters to the Union armies in 1862 had forced the call for "three hundred thousand more." At the town meeting called to devise means to fill the town's quota of volunteers, when the call for volunteers came, among the eight or ten that stepped to the front was our farmer boy, student, teacher, whose highest hope was to become a college professor. Some said, "He won't go." He was of a class different from the other volunteers,

He hastened to the capital city and secured an appointment as a recruiting officer. He returned and enlisted all who went from his town to fill that call. His good father, the deacon, said he had thought it might come to this, but that he could not object if his son felt it to be his duty to go. In grim compliance he signed the necessary consent for a minor to enlist. The young man was under twenty. His young sisters and older aunts wept. He shed no tears. He never looked back.

The talented dentist in the next town who had enlisted about forty men heard of our young soldier and his squad and forthwith visited him and solicited him to take his squad of young recruits into his camp and, as he was sure of the captaincy himself, he promised our hero the office of first sergeant. Our farmer boy, teacher, student and prospective college professor thought this was better than he had hoped his fortune was to be, so he journeyed to the adjoining town and "fell in" with the Weare boys and learned the "position of a soldier," to "right face," "left face," "about face," "guide right," "guide left," and "mark time, march." Straightway he went back and put his squad through all the evolutions he had learned, on the town common, by day, and spent his evenings assisting academy students of both sexes in their lessons for the morrow, especially the girls.

Then came the summons to camp. Enlistment was August 15, 1862. September 15 found our young soldier at camp about two miles from the city of Concord in a clearing in the scrub pines of the Dark Plains. About one hundred and twenty men, out of which number were eventually culled the soldiers of Company D, were put into one of the ten big barrack buildings built of pine lumber without paint, with double decked bunks on either side of the promenade down the center. The farmer's son and schoolmaster was put in charge of the mob of fellows, many good, sober, and gentlemanly, but mixed up with too many of the hardest drinkers and toughest specimens ever produced among the fishermen of the Atlantic coast.

It was a menagerie, or a bedlam, or whatever you please, for a good part of the early night and our schoolmaster of the adolescent beard was put to a severe test in trying to manage the



collection of human beings of all sorts male, but he did it. The officers that were to be were over in the city at social and convivial functions every night, and our incipient college professor received his parchment warrant as first sergeant of Company D before either the captain or lieutenants got their commissions. But he was not proud. He was just a slave to duty, just diligent to the limit. He must see that the rations were drawn and cooked and served, that clothing was drawn and issued, ditto guns and cartridge boxes and belts, lap pouches, bayonets, haversacks, bayonet scabbards, and canteens. He must attend the examinations of recruits and keep the records and attend sick-call and see that the sick men get their dope. He must call the roll and form the company and act as "right guide," and on dress parade obey the adjutant's command, "First sergeants to the front, and center, double quick, march," make the stereotyped report, smartly saluting, "All present or accounted for," which might or might not be true. And so the merry round of duties went on and the regiment became consolidated, assimilated, unified, and moulded into one strong military machine, ready for every duty, true to its state, faithful to the cause that called it into being, and proud of "Old Glory" whose shining folds it was glad to follow.

And so our farmer's son, schoolmaster, student, and incipient college man won his chevrons as first sergeant and took upon his shoulders the mighty load of duties that to such office appertains. The governor's son, whose chum he had been at a certain literary and scientific institution, said to him, "Here, you ought not to go out to the war in that shape. You can do better." But our patriotic but unsophisticated young soldier did not take the hint and go to the young man's father and "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning," but kept right on calling the roll, making details, keeping the company records, and drilling the company for the munificent pay of \$20 per month in depreciated currency. Had he been wise in his generation he would have gone out as a captain, at least. Thus our country boy won and wore the chevrons of a sergeant of infantry.

Twenty years after the appointment of the farmer's son, schoolmaster, and incipient college professor as the first sergeant of Company D, a history of the regiment was published to which

the captain contributed a sketch of his company's enlistment and organization, in which he stated, "The captain selected ——— for orderly sergeant, which was a wise appointment, as he proved to be one of the best orderly sergeants in the regiment, being able as soon as he became familiar with the company's names to call the roll, make out details for guard and other duties entirely from memory, without reference to his written list—quite a convenience, especially when the roll had to be called before daylight." That was where memorizing at school came to his aid. This recalls some notable roll calls in proximity to Rebel lines when the "long roll beat" and the company had to "fall in" in pitchy darkness, and the daily roll call on Maryland soil before daylight that inclement winter of 1862 and 1863, while the said captain and lieutenants were snug in their blankets.

The captain was a companionable man and sent for his guitar and to his own accompaniment would sing:

There was a rich man, O bress de Lamb!

His name I don't remember 'im, O bress de Lamb!

There was a rich man, and his name I don't remember 'im,

And he dwelt in the country of Jerusalem,

O bress de Lamb! and de glory hallelujerum,

and other diverting melodies.

But to return to the text. Camp Cheshire at Concord must have its "camp guard" to keep out visitors of both sexes prejudicial to good order and military discipline, and to keep in all but the commissioned officers who had immense business in the lively capital city. This camp guard in these primitive days of the regiment's soldiering was made up by detailing a company for a day and the company, under its officers, did the duty of guarding the camp for twenty-four hours. The turn of Company D came and the commissioned officers, reposing great confidence in the wisdom and discretion of the orderly sergeant, laid on his shoulders the burden of running the guard business. Then came the dividing of the company into "reliefs" with a sergeant and corporal to each, and the transfer of orders to the new regime. When the shades of night had fallen the company officers disappeared toward the city and our orderly sergeant had to be officer of the guard till daylight in the morning. Then came the "grand rounds" and other rounds during the night, with no more serious



event than finding one festive boy who had stuck his bayonet in the ground, with his arms embracing his musket in a drunken slumber, stretched on the ground, an empty canteen telling the sad tale. The boy died years ago a helpless paralytic from a wound in the calf of the leg received at Opequon, September 19, 1864.

How anxious the young men were to be accepted! How ready to adopt means of deceiving the examining surgeon! There was Jerome G., of South Weare, who was young, of good physique and healthy, but near-sighted to a serious degree. Our orderly sergeant had to be present at the examination of all new recruits. He had intimate knowledge of the physical outlines and muscular development of a hundred men and more, accepted and rejected. Jerome got along famously with the surgeon and was in high hopes his visual weakness would not be detected. The surgeon did not like the looks of his eyes and asked him to tell what an object outside the barrack was. Jerome pronounced it a man. It was a tree. Jerome was rejected because of his eyes. He was also dejected and a sincere mourner and hung around many days, hoping he might some way be allowed to go and fight for his country. Peacock, with the same defect, slipped in, but in a year was using the same defective vision in a vain attempt to get a discharge. He failed. Then he cursed and cursed again.

The colonel had been an inspector-general of the New Hampshire militia and was an old man with white beard and false teeth. The lieutenant-colonel was also an old man with a white beard dyed brown, and had been at the head of an independent company and a militia rival of the colonel, as well as a political rival. He had been a captain in the second New Hampshire Volunteers and had learned something of the modern drill in the school of experience. There was little promise of harmony between these officers and as little fulfillment. Neither colonel nor lieutenant-colonel gave or could give valuable instruction in the tactics of the day or manual of arms. The company officers were not qualified to drill the men, and those officers who were aware of their incompetency hired a drillmaster and took instruction in the "art of war" from a graduate of a private military school. The orderly sergeant of Company D got instruction

along with the rest, and was required as "right guide" to set the pace both as to regularity and length of step. The second sergeant was an experienced officer of an old-time independent company, and complimented the farmer's son and incipient college professor on stepping off with a pace nearer that required by army regulations than the step of any man he had ever known.

The battalion drill under charge of the lieutenant-colonel was a "corker," and it was worth much to see him get the regiment out of a tangle that was beyond his skill to unravel, by the order, "To your quarters, march," or to see the regiment charge through the ground between the barracks when he could not think of the order to turn or stop them, or could not make his orders heard.

At Camp Cheshire each enlisted man drew a blouse, trousers, two pairs of socks, two pairs of drawers, and two shirts, with a greatcoat and a leather stock. The latter was to be buckled around the neck and insure the "position of a soldier." The men had to contrive a support for their pants, for Uncle Sam did not provide suspenders. They got knapsack, haversack, and canteen, besides ordnance store, and a smooth bore musket of .44 caliber carrying a "buck and ball" cartridge. The stocks were given out liberally but the captain was plagued later to account for them. The men would never wear them, not as free American citizens. They served various useful purposes and about ninety-eight men were later charged each with "1 leather stock O. A. C." (omitted at Concord) at so many cents each on the pay roll.

The orderly sergeant drew all the clothing he was allowed and a non-commissioned officer's sword and sash. The fact that there was a limit of \$42.00 to the amount of clothing a man could draw without paying for it was not heeded. The orderly sergeant could not "stomach" the government clothing and bought store clothes, or went to the tailor in the city for clothes more to his taste. There is extant a tin-type of this young sergeant clothed in all the panoply of war, brass buttons, "Co. D, 14th N. H. V." on cap and that wonderful red worsted sash around his waist and the mighty sword girded at his side. It was a show.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" was a favorite tune. The girls in flocks came to camp from the vicinity of the homes of the young men. The orderly sergeant had the glad services of one



black-eyed miss to sew on the loose buttons of his wardrobe and take some missing stitches. Anathemas on any who should criticise the conduct of these pure-minded and patriotic young women. The black-eyed girl in question was buried in a youthful grave more than forty years ago, a victim of the Great White Plague. Peace to her ashes and rest to her pure soul! Other boys with more devotion than sense would hire a livery team and drive twenty miles in the rain to beg for a promise from a beloved creature and get, perhaps, a good-by kiss. And then there were sad-eyed wives and mothers, God help them! There was pathos here on every hand for those who had leisure for observation. But for our farmer's son and student with an ambition toward a college professorship, there was hurley-burley, bustle, constant activity, duties to be learned and performed, and little time for observation or sentimental reflections. He does not remember any tearful parting with any relatives, although there was an affecting wistfulness in the look of his brother and uncle who came to camp to see him. He never looked back.

Packed in coaches the regiment went away on October 18, 1862, to share the hardships and dangers of the war and (the survivors) to share in the glory and exultation of success.

This article is not intended as a history of the War of 1861, nor is it the history of any regiment. It is just reminiscences, and intended to bring out some phases of soldier life in that war of which we do not often read. So it is not necessary to make dates important or to be historically accurate.

Our orderly sergeant was entering upon a new and enlarged experience as a traveler. He had never been more than thirty miles away from the paternal homestead. Hundreds in the regiment were equally untraveled. All was interesting and exciting. New vistas were opening up everywhere. Through Worcester, Massachusetts, and Norwich, Connecticut, the train moved on to Allyn's Point on the Thames River, where another fresh experience was his, a steamboat ride. His knowledge of steamboats was confined to gazing in wonder upon pictures. Now he trod the deck of the real thing and felt for the first time the throbbing of its mighty engines.



ELBRIDGE D. HADLEY  
(First Sergeant of Co. D, Fourteenth N. H. Inf., at the age of twenty years)



Daylight brought our untraveled friend to Jersey City where he felt that he was so near Rebeldom that the pies and cakes offered for sale should be viewed with suspicion, lest some villainous southern spy should be trying to decimate this northern regiment by feeding them poisonous food. That shows lack of sophistication, but he was not alone in his verdancy. Off again to Philadelphia, hungry and travel worn, to be feasted at the "Cooper Shop," remembered by so many. Benedictions upon the good people of Philadelphia who understood and supplied so bountifully a soldier's wants. Another stage of the journey and Baltimore was reached, amid apprehensions of violence in the streets of the city where the Sixth Massachusetts so heroically suffered more than eighteen months before. Marching through the silent streets in the after-midnight darkness there were thoughts of ambush and deadly attack. None came and the buck-and-ball cartridge in each gun was suffered to rest in "innocuous desuetude." But the boiled ham, bread, sauerkraut, and coffee, spread for the men in a barn-like hall, received a destructive assault from a thousand men and were conquered in short order. Nobody asked a blessing and no one returned thanks and no hostile hand molested the regiment in Baltimore. The wild Baltimoreans had been tamed.

Coaches were now superceded by cattle cars and flat cars, and a slow approach to Washington was made with unspeakable interest as these Yankees got their first glimpse of the unfinished dome of the Capitol Building. Nearing the magnificent subject of every boy soldier's fancy, the accommodations grew more and more meager until we went to our blankets on the dirty floor of a barrack which must have been daily touched by the shadow of the Capitol. The nearer the War Department and the quartermaster's headquarters we got, the more primitive became the surroundings of the orderly sergeant, and he and his company found themselves bivouacked on the bleak and barren plain east of the Capitol Building where the ground was so hard as to turn the point of the tent pin. And then it rained. Discomfort was reduced to the lowest terms or raised to the highest power, whichever mathematical figure you prefer.

Lee's first invasion of Maryland had been ended at Antietam and the half-licked Rebel army was moving back toward the Rappahannock with hesitating McClellan moving on parallel lines between Lee and Washington. Our regiment did not go to the Army of the Potomac but up the Potomac to the outer defenses of Washington, marching along the track of a new (to the Yankee) species of transportation, the tow-path of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal. Sometimes when feet were sore and blistering (all tenderfeet), riding in comparative luxury on the canal boat with the baggage and quartermaster stores was permitted.

But the luxury of that night's bivouac under the bright stars of heaven on a mound of cedar boughs in all their fragrance! The orderly forgot the blistered feet and dreamed of home and military glory.

The next night, October 25, found the regiment bivouacked at Lock 21, or Adder Hill (nicely suggestive name), under the heaven's blue star-bedecked dome with our orderly sergeant sleeping in his place in line with his musket, sword, haversack, knapsack, and canteen, having last heard the old lieutenant-colonel telling the boys they were liable to be attacked before morning and to "trust in God and keep their powder dry." This exhortation is believed to have been a big bluff. Now soldiering for our orderly sergeant has begun in earnest. Hostile cannon are heard every day and from the treetops the smoke of battle can be seen over in Old Virginia. Every man now in a measure became his own cook, after eating a few rations of raw salt pork, and every one, including our orderly sergeant, essayed to do the task of a washerwoman, but he never considered himself a blooming success in either vocation.

As was stated, this article is not intended to be a history of the War of 1861. It may be also truly stated that it is not intended to make any one out a hero. The "young soldier" was merely typical, and yet the things occurring to him were actual events and scenes of soldiering in that war.

Lock 21, or Adder Hill, was about twenty miles from Washington. Looking southerly the eye took in the Potomac, wriggling eastward among the ledges and boulders of its rough bed, and beyond alighted upon the rocky, wooded bluffs and ravines



of the Virginia shore, wilderness features the undisciplined imagination of young soldiers easily filled with Rebels intent on sneaking over to do the Union camp deadly harm. At the foot of the bluff on the hither side ran the canal, the great artery of commerce and of supply to people and army in this part of the Potomac Valley. On the 26th, the next day, the first fatality occurred in the regiment when Corporal Norwood, on duty at the canal, in the darkness of a morning at 2 o'clock, fell into the lock and was drowned. It was an unromantic, unheroic end, but he died a patriotic death for his country's sake as surely as did those who later fell at Winchester and Cedar Creek. He is described as one of the best soldiers of Company F, and he died at his post of duty with his armor on.

Here is what the orderly sergeant wrote to his father the day after the regiment arrived at Adder Hill, called Camp Chesapeake:

October 26, 1862.

Camp of 14th Reg., N. H. V.

Dear Father: We are encamped on the Upper Potomac, about thirty miles from Washington, on a high bluff about twenty rods from the river. Day before yesterday, Friday, we struck our tents on Capitol Hill and started for Seneca Mills, said to be from thirteen to twenty-five miles up the river. We marched down from Capitol Hill, up through Pennsylvania Avenue, past the United States Treasury and President's House, into Georgetown, where we, or some of us, got on board the boat of the Chesapeake Canal and, after considerable bustle, were towed off up along the bank of the Potomac on the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal. The canal follows the banks of the river in all its windings, giving a view of the river on the one hand and just no view at all on the other, for there is on the right one continuous ledge. Just above the canal is the aqueduct which extends from a point fifteen miles distant to Washington and supplies the city with water.

Just about nine miles from Washington we encamped in a cedar wood between the canal and river. We had no tents, but the rest of the men got under the trees as best they could. I gathered a bed of cedar boughs and spread it under the open sky, on this I placed my rubber blanket, on this I laid my sword, cartridge box, my belt, and other traps. I then spread down my woolen blanket, one half on the rubber one, the rest lapping over on the ground. I laid myself down on the two blankets, pulling half the woolen one over me, having my knapsack under my head. I slept well until nearly morning, when I began to be cold and moved nearer the camp fire. In the morning early we were up and

marching on our way to Seneca Mills. After marching a few miles my feet began to be sore. So I got on board the boat and rode a few miles, then got off and walked the rest of the way. When we arrived we found we must go back four miles and a half. After resting we started, our company riding. After riding about half way our boys got off and gave the place to others. My feet were sore and I rode. We got our knapsacks out of the boat, climbed up the bluff, were drawn up in line and ordered to lie on our arms. They tried to make us believe that we might be attacked by Rebels during the night. I lost no sleep, however. The captain and I put our means together and were warm all night. We got our tents from the boat this morning and pitched them. Scarcely had we got comfortable in them when we were saluted by a merry rain. Our tents are not perfectly tight and our movables are liable to get moistened.

How long we shall stay here no one knows. Our brigadier-general is General Grover.

Dutifully.

This is realistic and contains first impressions upon the mind of a novice in war only a week away from his native state.

Arranging company streets, pitching tents on the "hogback" between two ravines, and seeking with Yankee ingenuity for comfort, in rain and sunshine and flurries of snow, was now the unaccustomed routine that must be followed and achieved, if the new regiment was to be useful to the government it was organized to help to save.

On October 30 a dress parade was pulled off amid novel surroundings. Novelty, novelty, novelty, was written everywhere these northern soldiers looked. The dress parade, first experienced at Concord, reminded them of native state and home. There were gladdened ears and moist eyes as the band played along the regimental front. And now the muster and payrolls must be prepared. Here the orderly sergeants got their first lesson in making out muster rolls. There seemed to be no unquestioned authority competent to decide knotty points, although the lieutenant-colonel, having seen service as a captain, was supposed to be possessed of the knowledge derived from experience, if the militia service had not qualified him. It is remembered that, puzzled over the term "artificer," our orderly sergeant timidly consulted this oracle as to its application to certain of the men. The lieutenant-colonel looked at the offending word in the blank form and bellowed out, "What in h—I is an artificer." He



was stumped. There wasn't any such in the company any way. Here the orderly sergeant, with a hankering after a college professorship, gratified his ruling passion by obtaining from Washington a copy of Andrews' Caesar. This was a chronicle of strenuous war, but did not enlighten him about muster rolls or morning reports.

The hearts of all the regiment were jubilant over the announcement on dress-parade December 14 that Burnside had won a great victory at Fredericksburg. How soon, alas! came the contradiction and the news that Burnside had sent his army into a deadly trap at Fredericksburg and that the flower of the army had perished miserably without any advantage whatever to the Union cause.

Two weeks the regiment held that camp against all comers and then marched two miles to a beautiful site for a camp, near Offut's Cross Roads, and went through the operation of establishing another camp. Daily drill, dress parades, and picket and guard duty followed here till December 21. It was here that our orderly sergeant's penchant for schools and schoolhouses led him almost to invade the sanctity of a log schoolhouse. It was dilapidated from the exposure to the storms of many winters and its holey openings between the logs had lost much of the mortar, its little panes of glass had thrown off the reproach of putty and rattled in the breeze, its weather-beaten door was locked and no sign of juvenile life appeared. The window yielded to an upward push and the orderly's head was thrust in, when, instead of emptiness and disuse, numerous girls and boys were discovered disposed of here and there upon benches and a little man with big whiskers was behind the rude desk. The urchins looked dumbfounded and the pedagogue not otherwise. A northern vandal invading even the temple of learning! No speech could do it justice. Why speak? The orderly found his voice and apologetically explained, "Beg pardon. I didn't know the thing was running," withdrew his head and closed down the sash and the glass rattled again, and peace again descended on the primitive temple of learning.

A character who lived near the camp was ordinarily called "Old Claggett." He was a wealthy farmer, with a stone house and

barns, and was rich in flocks and herds. He complained that some of his sheep had been stolen and believed the thieves were in our camp. His complaint was made to the colonel. That officer denied the charge and must make good. The orderly saw his "roly-poly" form coming down the cookhouse line and was addressed in a high tenor voice with "Orderly, that d——d Old Claggett says some of the men have stolen a lot of his sheep. I want you to search your cookhouse and company for mutton. I don't want any mutton found in this camp." And there wasn't any found, though perfunctory search was made.

The regiment was going through the school of the soldier, the school of the company, and the school of the battalion with vigor and dispatch at this camp until December 18, 1862, brought them to Poolesville, Maryland, a village of no great size, about five miles from Edward's and Conrad's ferries across the Potomac. The days were cold and the nights were severe and the colonel refused to bivouac his men in the open fields, and put them in churches and schoolhouses, companies D, B, and I being quartered in St. Peters' Episcopal Church, and our orderly sergeant for the first time and, with one exception, the last time, occupied the pulpit. The regiment remained at Poolesville till December 30, when these companies marched down to the camp on the plain east of town, and their desecration of the church came to an end.

The first night in the church Captain H. of Company D slept in the pulpit, Captain Johnson of Company B and his lieutenants were down to the left, and the two lieutenants of Company D were down in front of the pulpit, and the orderly at the bottom of the steps on the right, all within the altar rail. After that the officers slept in Rector Trapnel's study in the rear of the church.

The next forenoon the orderly was strolling down the village street when he found a crowd of soldiers around a store and men, mostly cavalry, hastening away with crockery, hardware, calico, cigars, boots, blacking and about everything one would see in a village store, in their hands. Dan Davis hailed him with, "Have a drink, Orderly," and proffered a candy box full of whisky dipped up from the gutter where it had been emptied



by the officers who had come upon the scene and were proceeding to restore order. Old Colonel Wilson was on the front stoop of the store pitching the thieving boys right and left. He was a giant in size. He was seen to seize a fellow by the collar and seat of the pants and throw him bodily into the middle of the street with the exhortation, "Get out of here, you little cuss." Somebody handed the orderly a half dozen china plates and he kept on in an aimless way holding fast to the plates till he got to the storefront, when an officer with straps said, "That don't look very well for one who wears these," pointing to the sergeant's chevrons. Thinking the observation just and in good taste, he set the plates down on the porch floor and became busy placing a line of well-behaved men across the street as a guard and thus redeemed himself, in his own eyes at least. The pillaging at once came to an end. The boys meant it for a Rebel sympathizer, but by mistake got into the wrong store, and the owner afterwards got an appropriation from Congress that made that a very profitable morning for him.

The fellow who was drinking whisky from the box had a bad case of delirium tremens that night, and saw snakes and devils and howled in terror, until the captain got forty drops of laudanum chasing the liquor down his gullet and he became quiet. He had his tantrum in the "amen corner."

Corporal Blank of Company B had cherished and protected his fiddle all the while and now began to cheer up the boys with those lively tunes, the "Irish Washerwoman," "Money Musk," the "Devil's Dream," and kindred heart-enlivening and foot-stirring melodies. Rector Trapnel, who hovered around watching over the welfare of his church, could not stand for it and said to our orderly sergeant, "I don't like to have those tunes played in the church. I think it is sacrilegious. I wish it could be stopped." The wish was communicated to the corporal and he cheerfully respected the rector's wishes. The violin went into its case and the case into its bag and the merry tunes were heard no more.

The orderly was writing late one night when he heard the window in the "amen corner" to the left go up and, after a little stir, go down again. Soon a red-haired corporal of Company B asked

him for a clean tin cup and soon presented him with a cupful of the most delicious honey, a sweet way, he later thought, of stopping his mouth, lest he reveal how a hiveful of honey had come in at the window. The orderly had not seen it, though. Next day the adjutant with his most severe expression on a naturally bilious face came with Captain H. and said to the orderly, "Have you seen any honey brought into this church? They say the men are marauding the country." The answer promptly came, "No, sir, I have not," with the best salute he could execute. Whether his reply, literally truthful, was truthful in spirit he refers to his old comrades.

December 30 these companies vacated the church and went to camp prepared for them on the rolling plain a mile away, there to remain till April. What do you think of a boy who never in his life stole a chicken or a ham or a bee-hive, secreting in his knapsack when he left the church and taking away and keeping a morocco-bound prayer book? How is that for a souvenir! The writer saw it many years after. It bore on the flyleaf the name of a female member of the family for whom the village was named. Was it worse to steal a prayer book than to steal a spelling book, or the pitcher from the desk, or the rector's favorite tobacco pipe from his study? What casuist can decide? On the fly leaf was written:

Death to the dove is the falcon's love.

O sharp is the kiss of the falcon's beak.

How intense is this! There is nothing cold or platonic here. Where is the hand that penned those lines, and the eyes that read them and flashed back its reply?

In this camp at Poolesville the regiment remained more than three months, the right wing moving April 3 and the left wing the 18th. The tents were set on a four-foot stockade whose cracks were tightly closed with clay mortar and comfortable bunks were made at each side and the open space was floored, while small stoves dispelled the cold. Captain Hodgdon, the orderly sergeant, and the captain's clerk occupied the captain's tent and had a substantial wall of boards and, by bringing the fly out to the front for a roof, the capacity of the tent was doubled, and a floor and a stove gave much comfort. The rations



of two men, improved by what the captain provided from the sutler's or the village store, made a well provided table. Battalion and company drill were industriously followed in all suitable weather. Of weather there was a limited variety, consisting of balmy sunshine, rain, snow, with mud and frozen ground alternating. Sometimes the climate was charming, but often it was beastly. When there was mud, it was fierce.

In the drilling the orderly had his share as "right guide," or "file closer," as company or squad drill master, and he freely confesses that he sickened utterly of company drill in a brief time. Battalion drill he enjoyed, especially if he commanded a company. But the constant drill at Poolesville solidified and unified the regiment and made it an efficient machine for war. Its drill was later perfected in Louisiana in the summer of 1864.

The indifference of the orderly to place or rank was shown at Concord when he turned a deaf ear to the hints of the governor's son. It was not till late in January that any ambition for advancement or promotion mingled with his patriotism, and this was developed by a confidential tip that the second lieutenant of the company had resigned. That the orderly sergeant should not be the logical successor of Lieutenant Brown did not seem to enter into anyone's mind. As the time for the taking effect of the resignation approached the lieutenant held aloof from drill and the captain and first lieutenant assigned the orderly regularly to the second lieutenant's place. The middle of March came and Lieutenant Brown's resignation was accepted and he went home to his family in New Hampshire. So sure was the orderly of being the next second lieutenant of Company D that he was easily induced to buy the lieutenant's valise, sword, and belt, and (let no one laugh) his steel breast plate, which had a combination of straps and buckles to fasten it on so as to protect the vital parts of one's anatomy in front—a brave man needed no armor for his back as he would always face the foe. He never wore the armor and does not know where he rid himself of the same. The succession to the vacancy seemed to be settled by the proper authorities, but incredible as it may seem, it was not determined who should be the next second lieutenant of Company D until January 11, 1864. The duties of the office were per-

formed, however, by the orderly sergeant under a title unknown to the Army Regulations. But we must not anticipate.

In the spring of this year a mild epidemic of measles went through the regiment and our orderly sergeant was unfortunate enough to take the disease. His friends found him a comfortable room in the village at the house of Mrs. Metzger, said to have been the only white Union woman in Poolesville. Here he remained comfortably sick from March 22 to April 3 when he exchanged places with Captain Rhodes, who was threatened with a fever. The after effects of the measles on him were disastrous to health, and he advises everybody to have the measles at home and in childhood. The same day the right wing, including the orderly's own company, broke camp and was posted at points on the Potomac nearer Washington. Having convalesced to a great degree, on the 9th he was taken in the ambulance to the lock at the ferry, and finished his journey to join his company at a point between Seneca Mills and Great Falls by way of a canal boat.

Monday, April 30, the company moved toward Washington, which place it reached the next day and took possession of a camp in Gale's Woods, directly north of the Capitol. A season of heavy guard duty was now entered upon by the regiment, destined to last three-fourths of a year. So settled was it considered that, as a matter of course, the orderly was to be second lieutenant of Company D that he was taken into the tent of the first lieutenant and was set to doing duty as such, and on May 15 the colonel caused an order to be read on dress parade constituting the orderly "acting second lieutenant of Company D, to take effect from May 1, 1863." He buckled on his sword, donned the straps, and for long months discharged the duties of that rank, many of them arduous and responsible in that company, except in case of illness, on the \$20.00 per month as a first sergeant and rations when in camp. He was kept to the work by patriotism and hope. He often commanded large numbers of men, looked like an officer, acted like an officer, and was respected and obeyed as an officer, although only "acting." It was now "Lieutenant ———," not "Orderly ———." Not yet twenty-one years of age by four months, he was the youngest man

in the regiment wearing shoulder straps. At the organization of the regiment he was the youngest first sergeant, and the original roster tells us that there was only one duty sergeant who was younger than he. The promotion that now came to him was not secured by "influence," but was fairly won by a boy in years while two-thirds of those over whom he exercised command were older than he, many twice as old. The writer of this article has often wished that at the gatherings of a certain society of ex-officers an "experience meeting" might be had in which each one would tell just how he got his commission and his promotion if he had any. There would be almost infinite variety of tales of influence, of merit, of intrigue, of patriotic ardor, and gallant deeds. Few would parallel the experience of the subject of this "O'er true tale."

While this regiment is doing guard duty around Washington great events are transpiring, great battles are being fought, thousands of brave hearts are stilled on sanguinary fields of battle, the lifeblood is flowing in the cause of the great principle for which they fought. Great moves are made on the chessboard of war, pawns are captured, and minor pieces are put out of the game, and still the great game goes on. Great generals were mistaken in thinking it was their move, moved and the adversary won the advantage. Hooker in early May, 1863, moved to Chancellorsville, and his adversary's more skillful countermove lost a battle for the Union cause, and eighteen thousand good men and true were killed and wounded. But while Hooker and the Army of the Potomac were not immediately dangerous to the Rebel cause, Grant was at the doors of Vicksburg and the Confederate leaders felt that that stronghold was doomed unless a mighty diversion could be made that would draw off troops from Grant and relieve Vicksburg. Hence the plan of the Confederate commander to steal away from Hooker's front at Fredericksburg and march into Maryland and Pennsylvania. Hence the march by the old route of the Shenandoah Valley, the moving of Hooker on the interior line between Lee and Washington, the relieving of Hooker and transfer of command to General Meade, the concentration of the armies at Gettysburg, the battle of July 1, 2 and 3, and the victory of the Union Army. Here admittedly the



rebellion reached high water mark and the tide gradually ebbed away afterward. At Gettysburg 50,000 men were *hors de combat*. Verily, it cost precious lives to establish the principle in those days that a state could not secede. Nor was Vicksburg relieved.

Doing heavy guard duty in Washington our young soldier's regiment was not seriously touched by the campaign—only called out the night of June 29 to repel an expected attack on Fort Stevens after Stuart had seized a wagon train four miles from Washington. But the labors of the regiment were more onerous than is often the case in an actual campaign in the field.

But what of the active young second lieutenant of Company D? He had ordinary camp duties and company drill till May 27 when he was sent with a detachment of ten men, and a sergeant, and three corporals, to the crossroads near the old tavern known as Drover's Rest, about a mile west of Georgetown, and a half mile up from the Potomac and canal, for picket duty. The roads from Washington in every direction were picketed to prevent smuggling supplies into the Confederacy, to control the transportation of liquors, and to preserve order generally. From May 27 to July 1 he had charge of this post, made many seizures of contraband liquors, and many arrests of disorderly persons. July 1, 2 and 3 were days of anxiety for the soldiers in Washington, and when the news came that the tide of the great invasion had been rolled back gloriously at Gettysburg, there was great relief and inexpressible rejoicing. When it was known in camp on July 8 that Vicksburg had surrendered to the indomitable Grant on July 4, joy was unbounded.

Our acting lieutenant had a tour of duty in command of a guard at the War Department itself July 17 and 18 and each day saw President Lincoln, saluted him, and received his pleasant "good morning" and answering salute. His duties went on in the usual way for an officer in camp, as officer of the day, officer of the guard, and kindred duties until the effects of the measles and the malaria of Washington's beastly climate got in their work, and for the first eight days in August the diary is practically a blank. His memory is distinct of miserable days and sleepless nights in that old tent in Gales's Woods, with oceans

of strong black tea, and the record of August 9 says, "Took physic and feel miserable." Blank then to August 22 when it is recorded, "Started for home on sick furlough." Oh! the agonies of that ride with heavy doses self-administered of quinine, finally reaching the old home in Deering, New Hampshire, August 25, in the easiest conveyance the kind thoughtfulness of his father had provided for the last five miles, back to the old familiar chamber, light and airy, with friends and loving hands to care for him. Then the old homeopathic doctor to feel his pulse, look at his tongue and mutter, "Damn that quinine."

From August 25 to September 13 he did not leave that sick chamber. There was fever (bilious) and delirium. But there was convalescence and slow recovery. October 22 he was ordered from Concord to his regiment and he arrived at the camp at Washington the 24th, and the 26th was officer of the day. In service a year and had measles and eleven weeks of bilious fever!

The office of the acting second lieutenant of Company D was no sinecure. He was officer of the day November 1 and 2, and for the next five days was on a hard trip, night and day, to Cincinnati in command of a guard in charge of forty prisoners, deserters from the Union Army, whose regiments were in the West. The 8th and 9th and 10th of the month he was on duty with heavy details from the regiment receiving Rebel prisoners captured by the Army of the Potomac and escorting them to the military stockaded prison at Point Lookout, Maryland, and the 23d and 24th he was in command of a heavy guard escorting deserters to the Army of the Potomac at Brandy Station, Virginia, riding with guard and prisoners on the footboard along the top of a freight car of the military train from Alexandria down past Fairfax, Warrenton, and Bull Run. General Patrick, provost marshal of the Army of the Potomac, to whom he reported said the army was on the eve of moving and the prisoners must be taken right back to Washington, and it was done.

Then came about forty days devoted to patrolling the streets and slums of northeast Washington, for the gathering in of soldiers without passes, intermixed with service as officer of the day, and camp duties in charge of his company. To summarize: In those forty days he was in charge of a patrol guard twenty-five

times, was officer of the day five times, was on duty at a trial at central guardhouse one day, and was sick two days. Many amusing things occurred on official visits with his guards to the homes of the demimonde in the evenings. Two doors were provided with chains that allowed them to open only two or three inches. The knock on the door was answered by "Who's there?" The reply was "The patrol." The chains fell and the doors swung open wide. It amused our acting second lieutenant to have captains, majors, lieutenant-colonels, and colonels obsequiously show their passes, while citizens trembling begged to know if he wanted any but soldiers, while the blandishments of the fair and well dressed but frail "attractions" were lavished in vain on one devoted to duty.

But what are the fortunes of a minute unit of the mighty army which was engaged in crushing the rebellion in comparison with the titanic struggle going on for the nation's life? The year 1863 was a strenuous year in that desperate four years struggle. It was ushered in with the Proclamation of Emancipation by Father Abraham. The Battle of Stone River, begun in 1862, was finished three days later in victory for Rosecrans' Union army, January 3. The long campaign for Vicksburg culminated in surrender July 4.

A nation wept at the slaughter of her most noble sons at Chancellorsville, May 2 and 3, and the hopes of the lovers of the Union were sorely shaken. July 1, 2 and 3 were days filled with carnage and agony and the crisis of a nation's life at Gettysburg, ending with victory to the Union arms and a staggering blow to rebellion from which that cause never fully recovered. The disaster at Chancellorsville was equalled at Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, when by the heroic steadfastness of Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga, and his heroic thousands, the Union Army, though defeated, was saved from utter rout and irretrievable disaster. Then came on November 23 to 25 the brilliant series of battles of Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, and the crowning glory of those three days, the storming of Missionary Ridge. When the balance is struck it will be found that the Union cause made in 1863 decided gains and the Rebel cause was thereafter reduced to the defensive. No more invasion of



the North, no more arrogance of assertion on the Rebel side, no more claim that one Southerner could whip five Yankees. The year 1864 saw great deeds and the compression of the rebellion into smaller space, but no more desperate fighting, no greater heroism.

Having paid tributes to the great events in the great struggle, it may be pardonable to return to the fortunes of the humble unit in the grand army, the acting second lieutenant. During his absence on sick furlough there had been scrapping among the officers of the regiment, which the veracious historian of the regiment assiduously avoided when he wrote his able memorial volume, consigning it to oblivion. As it came to the writer the lieutenant-colonel and some of the line officers became very hostile to the colonel and surgeon, and there came about the formation of two parties among the officers. It was said that charges were preferred against the surgeon accusing him of taking hospital supplies for his own table. The quarrel waxed hot. The colonel had numbers of his foes sent before a board to inquire into their fitness to be officers, and some resignations were secured and the colonel's party was on top. One of his enemies, Captain H. of Company D, friend of the acting second lieutenant, stuck in spite of all efforts. But the colonel could keep the captain's friends, who were out, where they were. It came over the consciousness of our acting officer that he would be older before he would be commissioned by recommendation of the colonel. He made a mighty resolve to get out of the regiment and chose the Signal Corps as a most desirable service to get into.

So he secured works on geometry, surveying, topography, and other branches and studied, if haply he might qualify himself for service with a commission in the branch of the army which did so much "wigwagging," whose officers ranked as officers of cavalry and drew pay and allowances of cavalry officers. And so being prepared for a downfall he was not taken very much by surprise when on January 12, 1864, former Sergeant-Major Bryant came to claim the position of second lieutenant of Company D, by virtue of a commission Colonel W. had procured for him from the governor of New Hampshire.

The colonel used fair and soft words with the quondam acting second lieutenant, now returned to his proper character of orderly sergeant, and tried to turn the tables by saying that owing to the machinations of the wicked Captain H., he could not get a commission for him. The records of the governor's office at Concord, New Hampshire, showed that the colonel had never recommended him to get a commission, nor tried to get him a commission, and proved the colonel a prevaricator. But our orderly sergeant had too much prudence to tell him so. It was now off with the shoulder straps and on with the chevrons. The sword was hung on the wall and the musket was again brought to the "shoulder." It was related that General B. F. Butler reduced officers to the ranks for their military offenses, but it is probable that our second lieutenant had a unique experience as the pendulum of his fortune swung first this way and then that. The pendulum was certainly in the wrong part of its arc for this soldier now.

Before further pursuing this narrative let us glance in a general way at the part our Iowa regiments were bearing in the great conflict during the fierce stress of the war in 1863. We mentioned Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge as battle grounds of immense importance in 1863. The Iowa troops followed the shortest lines of transportation to the points of the impact of the Union and Rebel armies. So we look for records of Iowa regiments in the battles west of the Alleghanies. Not yet had any of them reached the eastern slope, but the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth, and later the Twenty-second Iowa regiments of infantry, followed with distinction the meteoric flag of Sheridan in his valley campaign, and showed what valor western troops possessed. But in 1863 they were in the "forefront of the battle" on the chief and bloodiest western battlefields. Add to the battles above named Arkansas Post, Champion Hill, Black River Bridge, Jackson, Port Gibson, and numerous other engagements and you mention encounters in which Iowa troops bore no insignificant part. Major Byers in "Iowa in War Times" states that thirty regiments of Iowa troops were in the lines of the Union army that encircled Vicksburg. That number was an army in itself, or might have been, as it had the

numbers and every other quality. Look at the lines of men charging up Missionary Ridge! The same authority says that nine Iowa regiments helped win the day in that spectacular battle. The name of Iowa was written in letters of flame all over the western departments, and Iowa soldiers held aloft the red badge of courage on every field. All hail to the Iowa soldiers who fought in 1863, and indeed in every year of the war!

To resume the narrative, the colonel told the young soldier not to do any duty in his reduced rank, and he obeyed for a while, studying hard, but not too hard, vibrating between camp and the city, with time to see the wonders of the latter, filing his application for appointment to the Signal Corps, with the colonel's approval, listening patiently to the exhortations of the colonel and adjutant (afterward the distinguished statistician, Carroll D. Wright) until he submitted to an examination January 25, 1864, to test his qualifications, physical, literary, and scientific, for the signal service as an officer. Then breaking away from the colonel's advice he drew a musket and a full set of equipments, and resumed of his own accord duty as orderly sergeant of Company D.

Now harbingers of a move grew thicker and seemed to confirm the rumors of a move impending that would take the regiment out of Washington. The men drew clothing, and they needed the warmest in the cold winter weather. Rumors came to the young soldier's willing ears that he soon would have a commission. This was the topic of his thoughts. The "bee" of ambition was buzzing. February 2 the regiment was off "for sure." The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was our route and we passed Harper's Ferry, the renowned, in the night. On, on we rode till in the afternoon we were unloaded at the South Branch of the Potomac to guard the bridge against apprehended Rebel raids upon the railroad, a road of greatest importance to the government. We drilled some and were visited with snow and rain in our shelter tents, which were so short that if our heads were under, our feet were out, and vice versa. It was extremely uncomfortable at South Branch. Any change was welcome and we were glad when on the morning of February 7 we were packed on a train headed in the direction from which we had come. The



next forenoon we disembarked at Harper's Ferry, close by old John Brown's fort, and encamped on a high hill or ridge between the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers.

Here we remained several days. On the 11th the young soldier received word from a friend in the signal office that he was reported favorably for a commission in the Signal Corps, and also received a letter from one of the governor's council in New Hampshire stating that he had been commissioned a second lieutenant without the recommendation of the colonel. Here was a double portion of good fortune after his month of gloom. He was elated without a doubt. He had beaten the old colonel who could not help himself. The next morning the colonel's orderly summoned the young soldier to headquarters in a brick house, formerly the residence of the officer in charge of the United States Arsenal. With an unctious smile the colonel said, "Lieutenant ———, here is a commission I have got for you. You have always been a good soldier and I am glad to do this for you." He handed the young man the coveted paper, to the latter's great joy. The new lieutenant knew the colonel lied about having got the commission for him and had the evidence in his pocket, but again was too discreet to tell him what he thought of him. He accepted it and probably would have accepted it at the hands of his Satanic Majesty himself, if it had come that way. So now on February 12, just one month from the time when it was "off with the straps and on with the chevrons," it was "off with the chevrons and on with the straps," and there was no mistake this time. He was a "truly" lieutenant. The pendulum now swung in the part of its arc that gave him great joy.

To show that the newly commissioned lieutenant knew the colonel's claim was false, it is only necessary to call attention to the following letter which the lieutenant had in his pocket at the time of the interview with the colonel:

Council Chamber, Concord  
February 2, 1864.

Lieut. ———

Dear Sir: You have this moment been commissioned as second lieutenant of Company ——. You are a stranger to me, but I have been laboring for months to secure this result. You probably understand

the occasion of the long delay quite as well as I do. No recommendation for your promotion ever reached the Council Chamber. I trust you will honor the position to which you are promoted.

Yours very truly,

OLIVER PILLSBURY.

Mr. Pillsbury was a member of the governor's council of New Hampshire, a gentleman whom the young soldier had never met. Whether the young man honored the position the writer will not say, but he was further promoted and honorably discharged. So, on February 12, 1864, at the opening of a year of fierce struggle and decisive battles, at a season when the elements usually compel the inactivity of armies, the promotion came; and there is reason to believe it was unwelcome to the colonel and Captain Ripley of Company F, to which company the lieutenant was assigned—an assignment the writer believes to have been made at regimental headquarters with the fond thought that Captain Ripley would soon finish the lieutenant's career. Captain Ripley had the reputation of being a tyrant and a martinet who aped regular army officers and called his lieutenants "Mister." The reception the young man met at his hands was along that line. The lieutenant slept at the colonel's quarters that night, and the following morning met Captain Ripley in the hall of the headquarters building, just after the latter had come in from picket duty. He presented himself to the captain and in a propitiating way told him he was assigned to the captain's company as second lieutenant. The captain replied in no mild tone and no friendly manner, "Yes, so I understand. I suppose you know I can make it d——d rough for you." The warmth of this welcome was somewhat disconcerting, but the lieutenant managed to reply, "I think I know my duty and I intend to do it, and do not think I shall have any trouble." The old proverb was, "A dog's bark is often worse than his bite," and so it proved. In a short time Captain Ripley insisted on the lieutenant joining his company and sharing his tent and whisky. Ripley and whisky made a compound hard to swallow. There was a trip to Washington for equipments—the sword that had been hung on the wall, a uniform coat, a sash, shoulder straps, and the officer's valise stored away a month before, when the lieutenant had fallen from his high estate.

The lieutenant's advent in Company F was, the writer thinks, rather pleasing to the men, who were credited with detesting the captain, and with frequent declarations among themselves that they would shoot him when a good chance offered. The new lieutenant commanded Company F five months from April 19, and there was harmony and good feeling between officer and men without a break. They were good soldiers and above the average for intelligence and proficiency in drill. February 24 we shipped to Washington, arriving next day, and were quartered in some new barracks on Seventh Street. The 27th we started by rail northward, and reached Concord, New Hampshire, March 1, and all were given ten days' furlough. It was an open secret that we were sent home to vote at the election in New Hampshire. It cost a lot of money, but perhaps was worth the price. The next night found the lieutenant at the old home, and for the ten days he vibrated between the old home and his brother's. He was back at Concord, March 12 ready for a new departure for service in the great war.

On March 14, 1864, the young soldier whom we have followed was mustered into the United States service as second lieutenant of Company F. He had been performing duty as such for more than thirty days, when not on furlough. March 16 we were shipped for our return to the military lines of the war, hardly a man failing to answer at roll call. All thought they wanted to see some real service in the field, where bullets shrieked and where the smell of powder scented the air. March 17 we were quartered in Park Barracks, at the juncture of Broadway and Park Row, New York City, and on the 20th were embarked on the steamer Daniel Webster, bound to finish our voyage at New Orleans. We had been led to understand that we were intended to join in Banks's Red River campaign, which ended so disastrously and ingloriously, but we reached Louisiana too late. Somebody blundered. While the unseaworthy old tub, the Daniel Webster, is steaming up, let us see what is going on in the great war of which this was the most strenuous year.

The advance of Grant toward Richmond by way of the Wilderness had not commenced. Sherman's campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta and from Atlanta to the Sea was yet to be initiated.



But before we sailed on the Daniel Webster the Red River campaign had been inaugurated, and before we reached New Orleans it was all over with that ill-starred campaign except the retreating. We must not forget the Iowa boys under Banks on the Red River expedition. There they were in General A. J. Smith's division, the Fourteenth, Colonel Shaw commanding a brigade; the Twenty-seventh under Colonel Gilbert, and the Thirty-second under Colonel John Scott, with Colonel Eberhart ranking next. Did they not storm and take Fort DeBussey March 14? How grandly the Iowa men resisted greatly superior forces at Sabine Cross Roads! Then see them fighting with utmost heroism at Pleasant Hill under Colonel Shaw! The Thirty-fifth was there, too. Never have we looked on the tall form of that superb fighter, Colonel W. T. Shaw, without a feeling of deepest reverence. Why did the stars of a brigadier-general gleam from less worthy shoulders and not from his?

With the college professorship indefinitely postponed, our young soldier entered upon this sea voyage on the old side-wheel steamer Daniel Webster, during which voyage the storm king was abroad and waves ran "mountain high," or too high for the peace of mind of a "landlubber."

There were seven companies aboard, including Company F, bound for the Department of the Gulf. The farmers' sons were about to have their first experience of ocean life, including the utmost wildness of wind and wave. The enlisted men were stowed away between decks with less consideration than the cattle received on the farm. The food was fairly abundant, but decidedly plain, and served with no variety. We had stewed pork and beans "ad nauseam," with bread and black coffee. For the above delectable combination, after a few days, our lieutenant substituted board at an officer's mess which furnished cream for coffee, butter for the bread, and pie, real pie. His first meal on the boat was taken in the cabin and was palatable, but the chopped sea at the entrance of the harbor produced an upheaval of the stomach that transferred that dinner to the fishes.

The farmers' boys were not, after an experience of a year and a half in the service, "tenderfeet," but the sea had unknown possibilities and terrors. The coming days were to have great

educational value to them all, save some fishermen from the sea-coast of New Hampshire.

We sailed on March 20. The 21st the weather was so bad and the sea so rough that it was the bunk for the lieutenant. The 22nd and 23rd we were in a furious storm off Hatteras, with disabled engines, the ship rolling helplessly, and hearts standing still with fear. The 24th was a quiet day, while the 25th a hurricane of much violence lashed the sea into fury. It was appalling to landsmen. The diary says, "It requires a brave heart to keep the cheek from paling in such a tempest." What if the cheek paled? Would that indicate cowardice? We think not.

We had been running W. S. W. since the 24th and now our prow headed west, so that on the 27th we reached Hilton Head Island at the entrance to Beaufort Harbor. We landed on the island and camped in the sand not far from the town of Sutler's Shops—government warehouses and other temporary structures. We stayed here till April 12, when, having given the men a rest and had some repairs made on the ship, we resumed our voyage down the coast, interested in stormy petrels, dolphins, flying fish and other curious things pointed out by the knowing. April 5 we reached Key West. We lay here till the 8th. The lieutenant got ashore one day and had a square meal, with all the delicacies of that season in a semi-tropical latitude. The contrast between the snowdrifts of New Hampshire and the rank vegetation, with well grown oranges, lemons and bananas, was wonderful.

The 8th we sailed away to the northwest across the gulf for the mouth of the Mississippi. About noon of the 11th we struck the turbid waters of the river far out to sea, where they had not mingled with the blue water of the gulf. We entered the river by Pass de L'Outre and reached New Orleans the morning of the 12th. The trip up the river that morning had been delightful. It was in sight of beautiful groves and avenues of trees forming a fine setting for the spacious houses on the plantations, and the balmy breezes were laden with fragrance of flowers. We had left the terrors of the deep far behind and were ready for the terrors of the land, but it was certain that the boys would not long for

A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep.

They might admire the apostrophe to the deep, included in these lines:

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.  
Man marks the earth with passion,  
But his control stops with the shore.

Lieutenant Chandler, in the height of the storm, would say to his stateroom mates in the night, "The old Daniel Webster can't last long. I wish I could see my wife and babies." He was a prophet of evils that never came. Hundreds felt as fearful as he, but were less frank in giving voice to their terrors.

While we had been sailing and buffeting the ocean waves, the Red River expedition had ended in disaster. April 13, the next day after our arrival, we were moved up to Carrollton, eight miles above New Orleans, and landed and went into camp. Here we remained till June 7. About April 19 Captain Ripley having been detailed as inspector on the brigade staff, and First Lieutenant Blanchard being acting adjutant, our young soldier became commander of Company F and monarch of all he surveyed, with some limitations. He became responsible for all government property in the hands of the company. This command he held till September 19, five months. The time forward from April 19 was full of care, duty, and responsibility. Company drill gave place to battalion drill, which was a part of the service he enjoyed in command of Company F. His men were bright, quick to execute commands, and moved together like clockwork. They had had good instruction. It was a pleasure to the young lieutenant to take them out in this drill. But there was guard duty, picket duty, the duty of the officer of the day, pay rolls, fatigue duty, and plenty for one of his age to do and learn. An occasional visit to New Orleans intervened to vary the scene and experience.

June 7 we embarked on the steamer Nicholas Longworth and were taken to Morganzia, near the mouth of Red River, and encamped in an unhealthy place on a sandbar covered with sapling cottonwoods, inside the old levee, with river water for all purposes, and the sick list grew. Here we were incorporated into the Tenth Army Corps, First Brigade, Second Division. The Twenty-second Iowa was in the Second Brigade, and the Twen-



ty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa regiments were in the Fourth Brigade, and not long afterward were found fighting side by side with the Fourteenth New Hampshire in the valley of Shenandoah. Our lieutenant got so far independent of Captain Ripley that he here had promotion of corporals and sergeants made to his own liking, ignoring Captain Ripley's wishes, and the captain did not say a word. He was less pompous than when the lieutenant joined the company.

Here we remained till July 3 when we took passage on the Grey Eagle and arrived at New Orleans the 4th, bound for new scenes. We encamped at Algiers, across the river from New Orleans and the 16th four companies, including Company F, embarked on the steamer General Lyon and sailed down the river, across the Gulf and up the coast, and after a voyage of thirteen days, were landed at Washington, D. C. The other companies sailed for Virginia a few days earlier. The writer has not, from that date to this, been able to determine in his own mind what advantage to the Union cause our two voyages and land service in Louisiana had been. But we obeyed orders, it not being our province "to reason why." Meanwhile our young soldier had been commissioned first lieutenant of Company H.

The two great movements of the Union armies, Grant's for Richmond and Lee's army in Virginia, and Sherman's for Atlanta and Savannah on the sea, had begun, and mighty battles had been fought, Resaca and Kenesaw and Dallas, Georgia, in the west; Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg, Virginia, and the Alabama had been sunk by the Kearsarge. It was the beginning of the end. But great battles were to be fought and brave men must fall, when, to prolong their hopeless struggle was, for the Confederates, a flagrant crime.

The Confederacy had been bisected along the line of the Mississippi. It had lost its biggest city, New Orleans. Its lines had been crowded back at every point. It had no seaport and practically no commerce. The bisection of it in another direction, from Atlanta to the sea, must be well-nigh fatal, not to mention Grant fastened upon its throat at Petersburg and Richmond. This was the outlook when, July 29, 1864, the left wing

of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, including Company F, disembarked from the General Lyon at Washington, after a disagreeable passage of thirteen days from New Orleans. We were on familiar ground. The War Department, Navy Department, White House, Treasury, Post Office, and Patent Office were familiar objects, and so was that cynosure of all eyes, the Capitol building. And there was Gales's Woods, where we encamped so long, where our young soldier had contracted bilious fever and where he had suffered the humiliation of exchanging the shoulder straps for the chevrons. A strange thing was that there was no adequate accommodation in barracks or hall for our five hundred men who landed, and that we should be compelled to march after night through the city, weary and worn from a two weeks' voyage, away out west through Georgetown to a dirty field and bivouac at four o'clock in the morning, suffered to snatch a little sleep, compelled to pitch a new camp, and immediately to be hustled back through Washington to the Baltimore & Ohio railroad depot and left to sleep on hard brick pavements till morning, and then loaded on flat cars. The embarkation was all right, but those two horrid nights! Kind "Old Abe" in the White House did not know our hardships, you may be bound!

Being on the cars we moved along to Monocacy, near Frederick, Maryland, July 31, in the afternoon. We bivouacked in a field, and our lieutenant having no blankets of his own at hand, was permitted to share the bed of Major Gardner, our commander. We stayed here four days in usual uncertainty, and on August 4 were marched alongside some box cars and Company F got places to ride inside and outside a car with the drum corps. The Twenty-fourth Iowa was marched alongside and mixed with us. Then the train was divided just in front of our car, and our company and the drum corps and a company of the Twenty-fourth Iowa and its drum corps, were left in the rear section of the train as the front section moved off. The captain of that company of the Twenty-fourth Iowa rode with our lieutenant to Harper's Ferry that night, the two sitting side by side on the footboard on the top of the car,

It was quite late and dark when we were unloaded on the Maryland side of the Potomac opposite Harper's Ferry. The captain and the lieutenant took command of their respective forces and marched across on the pontoon bridge. We bivouacked well up to the top of the hill in a side street. We were a part of the Nineteenth Corps, and a compact army was soon gathered under General P. H. Sheridan, consisting of the Sixth, Eighth, and Nineteenth corps and a cavalry corps. The Rebels had heretofore out-manuevered and mastered our forces in the Shenandoah Valley, but they had now to deal with a Union general of different caliber, and he proved more than a match for the most astute Rebel commanders.

Captain Ripley was on the staff of our brigade commander, and First Lieutenant Blanchard had been left sick at Washington. Our young lieutenant continued in command of his company. It was an unfair proposition to have three officers to some companies and to throw the whole burden of a company on one second lieutenant, the junior of the line officers of his regiment, but it was done. We admit that it was more agreeable than to be a mere subaltern and a "file-closer" under one's captain.

Now commenced a series of military maneuvers which we did not understand then and hardly understand now. Sheridan advanced close up to the enemy, and then, as occasion required, rapidly withdrew, and the marching and countermarching were productive of excruciatingly sore feet and unspeakable bodily weariness. Before the other part of our regiment joined us, our major snapped the young lieutenant up most testily two or three times because he and his men straggled, but as the major recommended the young soldier for promotion to a first lieutenancy, the apparent gruffness was long since forgiven. We marched up and down the valley between Harper's Ferry and Strasburg until its turnpike and its villages had a familiar look. Many of the men, if taken to any prominent point in that part of the valley blindfolded, would have been able to name the place offhand as soon as the blind was removed.

At length General Sheridan found the Rebel army in the position he desired around Winchester, and on the western side of



the Opequon Creek, and on September 18 he ordered the army to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice. Our regiment struck tents early in the day and lay around in suspense till about two o'clock in the morning of the next day, the 19th. We led our companies from behind the entrenchments in a darkness so profound that we had to keep our places by the sense of touch. The major had just been commissioned colonel of the regiment on the resignation of the aged Colonel Wilson. Our lieutenant had with some others at "officers' call," when he announced the fact, tarried to congratulate him, while certain of the other faction turned on their heels and walked off in marked discourtesy. Just before evening of the 18th Colonel Gardner came past the quarters of our lieutenant and asked the latter to go to brigade headquarters with him. He said he expected to draw a lot of ammunition for the regiment; that we were going into battle next day, and he had a presentiment that something was going to happen to him; that he had no ordnance returns and the lieutenant had, and he wished the lieutenant to receipt for the ammunition and enter it on his returns. He went on to say that he thought he had been unjust to the lieutenant, and he did not want anything to remain at odds between them, and wished the lieutenant to overlook it; that he had taken the liberty to recommend the lieutenant for promotion. This opening of his heart left a mellow feeling in the lieutenant's heart toward Colonel Gardner, who was an able officer, and a just and kindhearted man, but one of an unfortunate manner. They did not draw any ammunition. The colonel's presentiment came true. He received a mortal wound next day.

Daylight next morning found us with Sheridan's whole army marching along the pike northwest toward Winchester, the Sixth Corps in advance. There were the usual delays. About 7 o'clock we forded the Opequon and soon Abraham's Creek. Then we advanced through Ash Run, with steep timbered sides, a battery of Napoleon guns jostling us as we proceeded side by side. A badly wounded man brought down from the front on a stretcher was a suggestive sight. We had been marching to the lively music of big guns at the front. Emerging from the defile we saw the Sixth Corps disposed about the little grassy hills to the

left of the pike. They had been "feeling the enemy." We marched off to the right and the Nineteenth Corps was deployed in two lines on some gently rolling ground with a belt of timber in front, from which direction came sounds of artillery firing and of exploding shells, whose white puffs of smoke were visible over the trees.

Our division, Grover's, was formed in two lines, the First and Third brigades in front and the Second and Fourth brigades a little to the rear. In the Third Brigade was the Twenty-second Iowa. In the Fourth Brigade were the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa. Our regiment was in the front line and formed the extreme right of the Union army as then formed. The writer will not try to describe the battle that ensued—only what our lieutenant did and saw, and what happened to him, but it ended in a great victory for the Union army.

The Nineteenth Corps lay in the place assigned about two hours. After a little an "officers' call" brought the company commanders together in the rear of the regimental line where they found Colonel Gardner, who proceeded to say that we were about to advance against the enemy; that we were cut off from Harper's Ferry in our rear and must fight it out. Our lieutenant returned and called his company into line and repeated the story and exhorted them to do credit to their state. Of what he said his memory is indistinct. Being weary, he lay down among some tall weeds with a piece of tent over him to keep the bright sunshine out of his face and went to sleep. Evidently he was not nervous at that time. He had a kind of presentiment that in battle he should get hurt but would survive and go home. About 11:40 o'clock he was aroused by a general stir and the giving of orders. We fell in line and advanced through a narrow belt of timber, in line of battle, keeping our lines as well as possible, across an open glade and through some timber, and to an open field 830 yards across, bounded at the farther edge by another belt of timber. As we emerged from cover we came under fire, and the puffs from the belt of timber at the farther edge showed where an alert enemy was waiting for us. The screeching of bullets was ominous. We here found our regiment's left wing behind another regiment and Captain Ripley of the brigade staff

rode out in front and ordered us to "right flank" and by "the left flank" into place. The captain looked down on his Company F and smiled approval.

Then came the order to charge "double quick." This is said to have been a mistake chargeable to Captain Ripley. Then began a "double quick" advance. The firing from our foes in front became hot and vicious. In our lieutenant's position next the color guard, he first noted effective work of the Rebel bullets as they tore through the silk of the flag. Then the staff was hit. They were getting our range—or we were coming into their range as we ascended the little slope. Next Lumbert, second man in front rank from right of the company and second man from the lieutenant, was hit by a bullet in the shoulder with a blow that could be heard many feet away. With a yell of pain or fright he threw his gun high in the air and went down. Almost immediately Corporal Ball, in the color guard on the lieutenant's right, received a blow with a dull thud and went down. The lieutenant cast his eyes to the rear and saw Colonel Gardner walking along, sword in hand, looking at the ground in front of him. Firing commenced at the right of the regiment and the lieutenant ordered his men also to fire, and they fired as they trotted along. The lieutenant was looking toward the right peering through the smoke to make out the Rebel line from which the firing came in the edge of the woods, when he received a powerful blow on the right side of his face or chin. The blow was terrific and the shock took away all his strength. He settled down in his tracks in a heap as the line, a loose line now, swept on. Some one said, "That's too bad." One of his good and friendly boys, John Moore, passed saying, "Why, Lieutenant, are you killed?" The lieutenant said he guessed not, articulating as well as a broken lower jaw would permit, and asked John to assist him. John was afraid he would get into trouble, but was assured he would not. The lieutenant crawled behind a little hillock that had formed about a rotting stump, and stretched out, where he could look across the part of the field the company had charged over. Dead and wounded were here and there—some still, some trying to rise but falling headlong and helpless. Men with stretchers were removing the wounded from the more



distant parts of the field. The bullets screeched more savagely than ever, and the combined sounds of the battle were like a terrible dirge. John tied up the lieutenant's face after they had put the parts of his jaw in their places and gave him water from a canteen, wiped off the thickest of the blood, and fixed him up as well as possible. The lieutenant managed to say, "We have driven the rascals away." But John looked toward the front and said, "They are all coming back." The lieutenant raised his head and looked, and saw it was even so. They passed our position by hundreds in utmost disorder. The lieutenant did not wish to be taken prisoner and staggered to his feet, got his overcoat and haversack and started unsteadily to the rear. He passed around the right of a brigade of fresh troops to get out of their way, and tried to get behind two or three shelters, but others got the places before him. So he staggered on and reached the timber we had advanced from. As he entered the woods a long line of Rebels came up diagonally to the right of our advance and blazed away.

The twigs cut from the trees were falling around him. He had been under fire all the way back, and screeching minnies and exploding shells and the roar of musketry and booming of cannon made a pandemonium on earth. He got through the first belt of timber along with hundreds of wounded, bleeding boys, faint and weak, and sunk on a stretcher. He was carried some distance to a road and put in an ambulance and in that conveyance soon reached a field hospital at a farm house and mill on Red Bud Run. The wounded were thick all around, arranged in regular rows without any shelter. There was shrieking, groaning, cursing, and praying. He lay down with his overcoat under him and his haversack for a pillow. A doctor looked him over and went away.

He heard the battle raging for some hours, but by and by with declining sun, he heard the shout of victory. He was cared for in a tent with the severe cases that night. With the help of morphine he slept oblivious of the horrors of an operating table just outside the tent. The next day he was carried to Winchester and with several other officers was put into an old hotel, sans cots, sans mattresses, sans carpets, sans straw, sans everything

but their wounds and hopes. In a few days those who could be moved were taken in ambulances to Harper's Ferry, arriving at night after a day of agony.

The lieutenant's fractured jaw did not heal for a year. The bullet has been in his neck to this day. In about a week he received leave of absence and went home to New Hampshire to the old chamber, a permanently disabled young man, destined to be an invalid till after the war. So much of his vigor was gone that the college professorship was given up. The young lieutenant's career as a soldier was forever ended.

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### SPECULATION IN LONDON IN 1826

A writer in Niles's Register of October 18, 1848, (copy in Iowa State Library) describes speculations in London of nearly a century ago as follows:

"I was in London in 1826, and was a frequenter of the Stock Exchange, and an occasional operator during the fearful excitement and speculation of that memorable year. I well recollect having sold one day for a friend of mine, seven shares in the stock of one of the mining companies (the fancy stocks of that time) for £1,200 sterling, the par being £100, and the purchaser made a large profit on his operation. I was a stockholder in the Royal Metropolitan Umbrella Company, the object of which was to loan umbrellas in the case of unexpected rain. The company had station-houses in all the leading business streets, where, on the deposit of a sum of money, any one might procure an umbrella at the rate of fourpence sterling per hour. The umbrellas were returnable at any of the station-houses, and the deposits were redeemable. On the deposits thus made the company did a very respectable banking business, which lasted about as long as many of the institutions which were organized in that year. I never shall forget the horrors of the crash which succeeded these speculations—the ruin, misery, and despair which resulted from them. As far as I can judge, from reading the accounts of speculations now going on in railway shares, I apprehend that a like result will be produced."—*N. York Cor. of the Nat. Int.*

## HOSTILE RAID INTO DAVIS COUNTY, IOWA

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October 30, 1922.

D. C. Mott,  
Historical Bldg.

My dear Sir:

Replying to your request for information to be published in the ANNALS OF IOWA, I will say I find both in the governor's office and the office of the adjutant-general, a great many references to the condition of affairs in Davis County, both prior to and after the "Raid," but all the information I find concerning the "Raid" is covered in a twenty-six page report<sup>1</sup> by Colonel Moore. This is the original report which I hand you with this communication.

Yours respectfully,

C. C. STILES,  
Superintendent Archives Division.

### A REPORT BY COLONEL S. A. MOORE TO ADJUTANT-GENERAL NATHANIEL B. BAKER

Bloomfield, Iowa,  
January 1, 1865.

General N. B. Baker,  
Adjutant-General of Iowa.  
Sir:

In compliance with your request I have collected together the main facts of the recent raid through this county by a band of guerrillas in the month of October last.

While the main features of the sketch are undoubtedly correct, I have no doubt omitted many incidents that would be interesting if collected and related as they occurred.

I have been unable to obtain precise information at what point in our county the raiders first entered. I have conversed with many persons who saw them at different places along the route they traveled, but as their movements were rapid and their stay at each house very brief there is no one who is able to tell the whole story in detail. I am, there-

<sup>1</sup>Published in part in Vol. II, Report of the Adjutant-General of Iowa, 1864-5.



fore, chiefly indebted to Mr. Wallace Power, a young man who was taken prisoner by them and held through the entire route through the county, for the incidents here related.

Twelve young men dressed in Federal uniform, mounted on splendid horses and armed with from two to seven revolvers each, entered the county near the southeast corner, on the morning of October 12, 1864, with two prisoners, young men, whom they had captured in Clark County, Missouri, and riding up to the house of Mr. Gustin, a part of their number dismounted, entered the house and robbed him of a gun, which they broke; a favorite watch, a gift from his father when dying; and about \$160.00 in money. Another portion of the gang proceeded to William Downing's, broke his gun, robbed him of what money he had in his pocket, and took him prisoner. From Downing's they went to the house of Thomas Miller, from whom they took \$110.00. They next went to the houses of Neckadier and Chris Waggler, broke Waggler's gun, and passed on to Blough's where they made as they supposed a grand haul in getting a purse of gold, but in reality it was a purse containing twenty-five copper cents and a very small sum in silver coin belonging to a little boy. But they even robbed the child of his pocket knife. Now three of the gang were detailed to go to the house of Mr. William Power, a wealthy farmer living about a quarter of a mile south of Blough's, and rob him. Mr. Power and his son Wallace were working near the road. The old gentleman remarked as he saw them coming dressed in blue uniform, "Wallace, there are some of your soldier friends coming to see you." The young man walked out to the gate to meet them. On riding up they drew their revolvers and ordered him to take off his pants. It was now apparent that they were not *his* friends, and being unarmed and powerless in their hands, he drew off his "soldier pants" and handed them over. By this time one of the gang was approaching the old gentleman, and ordering him to halt, and threatening to shoot him. But Mr. Power, remarkable for his quiet, pleasant demeanor, not finding a convenient place to halt, kept on the "even tenor of his way" until, dodging behind an outbuilding, broke and ran. The fellow fired at him but missed. Mrs. Power inquired of them who they were, and by what authority they came there. They claimed to be Union soldiers, but she told them that Union soldiers were good men and did not behave in that way. One of them informed her that they were Rebels and bushwhackers, and asked her if she had ever seen any Rebel bushwhackers before. They now proposed to kill the young man unless his father was brought back. And to terrify the young man in compliance with their wishes, they told him that they would kill him in the presence of his mother. He very quietly told them that they had the power to kill him, and that if they intended to do it, he would rather be killed in the presence of his mother than that of any other person. If the fiends had taken his life, could there have been a more appropriate place to die—in the presence of his mother, her whose warm

kiss first pressed his lips, when resting upon her bosom, should be the last loved one of earth on whom his fading vision should rest.

A younger brother ran down to the field where Mr. Power had gone and told him that they would kill Wallace unless he returned. He then came back. They took Mr. Power's gun and broke it, compelled the father and son both to mount the same horse, without saddle or blanket, taking however from them a saddle belonging to Albert Power, then in the Third Iowa Cavalry, which they carried with them, and started in rapid pursuit of the others who had gone on from Blough's. They did not get Mr. Power's money. They were detained so long with the prisoners that they did not stop to search the house.

They stopped at the house of David Baughman, broke his gun, got some apples and then visited Perry Brown, and broke his gun. They overtook James Brown, formerly of Company B, Thirtieth Iowa, and ordered him to "fall in," a term which he seemed to understand as he obeyed, if not with cheerfulness, with alacrity. They then went to the house of William Millsaps. Some one of the gang remarked, "From the appearance of things, these are poor folks," and proceeded on without stopping to disturb them. They next went to the house of Mr. Reese, took a musket, broke it, and robbed him of \$26.00. They then went to Daniel Swartzendruber's, robbed him of \$15.00, five dollars of which amount belonged to Mr. Millsaps, his neighbor, the one they had concluded not to disturb.

It was the first day of the county fair, and Mrs. Swartzendruber had baked some very nice cakes upon which she hoped to take, and no doubt would have taken, a premium. But the scoundrels robbed her of her cakes, and as one of them left the house, turned around, and with his mouth full of cake, shook the stolen "greenbacks" at her, and with a look of defiance rode off to join the gang of desperadoes that, flushed with booty, were becoming ripe for murder.

A great many of our citizens had gone to the fair. They arrested and took prisoner every man who crossed their path. Their movements were rapid as the wind, the main column halting rarely, and then but for a moment, all the robbing being done by details under the direction of their captain, who had perfect control of every member of the gang. You see how difficult it was to obtain any reliable information concerning them. The wildest rumors were current. Every prisoner taken by them was counted as one of the gang. The distance to the county seat from where they first commenced their depredations in the county was some sixteen miles. The rapidity of their movements, the terror they left in their path, the vague uncertain rumors of their numbers varying from fifty to two hundred, the wild dashing novelty of the whole thing, in a county where profound peace had always been, so startled and unnerved even brave men, that a considerable time elapsed before the news reached Bloomfield.

They next stopped at the house of Jacob King whom they robbed of

\$165.00, two watches, and some jewelry. They inquired of Mr. King what kind of horses he had. He told them he had some very good ones at the stable, but they were becoming somewhat alarmed about pursuit, and did not stop to get his horses. One of them stopped long enough to adjust a ladies' breast pin before the looking glass, and then rode off to Jeremiah Miller's, broke his gun and robbed him of some \$12.00.

David Gibson was at Mr. Miller's working a short distance from the house at the cane mill. Mounting a horse he came with all speed to town and brought us the first intelligence that we had received of the raiders. But yet he was unable to tell us anything with certainty about their numbers. He counted twenty persons. He was a reliable man, and we were sure that there was certainly twenty. But we afterwards learned that Mr. Gibson had counted the prisoners along with the raiders, not being close enough to distinguish them. Other persons came in and reported that there were one hundred and fifty of them. We then supposed that those seen by Mr. Gibson were only a detachment, that the main column was somewhere near. A courier arrived who had seen them and reported them one hundred and fifty strong. Another gave the name of a very "reliable gentleman" who had counted one hundred and forty of them in one of the detachments as they filed around the base of a hill where he lay concealed.

The news soon reached the Fair Grounds, the fair was broken up, men hurried to the town, the arsenal was opened, arms and ammunition were distributed, companies were formed in line of battle, horses were cut loose from wagons and carriages, without reference to who owned them, and mounted by armed men. Couriers were arriving with fresh and exciting news of robbery and murder. An attack upon the town was momentarily expected. Men were placed on the top of houses as a lookout to watch and warn us of approaching danger. Men, women and children were hurrying to and fro, some pale and thoughtful, some flushed and excited. Mothers pressed their children closer to their bosoms. All was hurry, bustle, and confusion. All were willing and vied with each other in getting ready to meet the danger. All past differences were forgotten. A common danger united them. But there was no one to take command and bring order out of chaos. The voice of a citizen was heard above the din and confusion proposing that Colonel J. B. Weaver, late of the Second Iowa Infantry, take command of all the militia, and that every man would yield prompt and implicit obedience to his commands. A universal shout of approval rang out along the lines and confidence was seen and felt in the cheerful obedience of every order issued.

A company of mounted men led by Colonel Weaver, who was assisted in the organization and management of the "raw militia" by Colonel Trimble, started in pursuit late in the afternoon, leaving the command of the militia for the defense of the town to myself, in which I was materially assisted by Captain Gray, Captain Minge, and a large



number of returned soldiers, whose nerves had been trained to steadiness at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Pea Ridge, the Siege of Vicksburg, and other fields made glorious by their valor. Beside the farmer and mechanic fresh from the plow and work-shop, stood the heroes who had moved with eye undimmed and cheek unblanched through the smoke of battle, and "the valley of the shadow of death," and gave them words of encouragement and hope. The cavalry under Colonel Weaver is in pursuit of the raiders, as they move westward on their mission of pillage and murder, and we will return and trace them from the house of Mr. Miller some nine miles distant from Bloomfield.

From Miller's they moved rapidly to the house of Mr. Rodgers where they robbed Isaac Smith of \$40. There they formed the prisoners in line and commencing on the right the captain asked each one separately if they did not want to join his company. They all declined to join him except one whose name was Lewis—one of the prisoners they had taken in Clark County, Missouri. He signified his willingness to join them and was at once clothed in the Federal uniform. The captain made young Power draw off his boots and socks and give them to the recruit. (I learned that Lewis deserted them in Chariton County, Missouri, and came home.) After seeing the recruit "properly clothed," he made a short speech to the prisoners asking a pledge that they would never go into the Federal Army, and then dismissed all of them except Wallace Power, who had been a member of Company D, Forty-fifth Iowa, James Brown of Company B, Thirtieth Iowa, and the other prisoner whom they had brought from Clark County, Missouri. These having been soldiers they refused to release.

They then went to the house of James Paris, took one of his horses out of the plow, searched his house, and found a revolver and watch which they appropriated. They took a gun belonging to Mr. Paris' father, who is quite old, and while in the act of breaking it Mrs. Paris prevailed on them to spare it as it belonged to a very old man who used it for hunting to amuse him in his old age. Strange as it may appear they spared the gun, the first instance of the kind, except one very fine German shot gun which they took with them.

We next find them at William Sterritt's where they broke his gun, but refused to take his money because he had only sixty cents in his pocket book. They went to the house of some one whose name I did not learn, but failing to find any money they took an accordion and made wild music, which fell as strangely on the prisoners' ears as would a song on the ears of the captive Israelites when they hung their harps on the willows and wept for Zion.

At the house of Loyal Hotchkiss they searched for money, but finding none, helped themselves plentifully at the larder, broke his gun and departed for the residence of Franklin French, who was absent from home, having gone to the fair. They compelled his little son with pistols pointed at his breast to show them through the different apartments

of the house in search of money. But Mr. French, though prodigal in his loyalty having given four of his family to the cause of his country, is nevertheless a careful man in the disposition he makes of his "greenbacks." He never leaves them "lying 'round loose." Failing to find his money they broke his gun, took a military overcoat, dress coat, a pair of uniform pants, and some woolen shirts.

They then went to the house of Morris McCracken. His son was at home, formerly a member of Company D, Forty-fifth Iowa. They saw his uniform clothing hanging up in the house, and demanded of him whether he had been a soldier. Making a virtue of necessity he told them the clothing belonged to his brother who had gone to the fair, and thus escaped being killed by them. After robbing the father and son of some \$80.00 and breaking a musket, they left for the house of Mr. Haney. Demanding his money, the old man told them he had none. They made a thorough search, tearing things to pieces, declaring that if they found one cent that they would kill Mr. Haney. They failed to find his money, not having searched the old man's pockets, where his greenbacks were quietly resting, and left for the house of Thomas Hardy. Arriving at the house of Mr. Hardy, two of the gang went in, demanded the keys, and commenced a thorough search for money, but in their hurry they overlooked some \$800.00 which had been placed between the leaves of a day book. The remainder of the gang passed on south about one hundred and sixty yards where they met Mr. Hardy and another person in a wagon. The captain ordered him to halt, and asked him the age of his horses. Hardy replied, "Five years old." "Get out and unhitch them," said the captain, "I want them." "I want them too," replied Hardy, "you don't intend to take them without paying me for them." "I'll pay you for them," said the captain, at the same moment drawing a revolver and firing. The shot took effect near the right eye. The wounded man fell out of the wagon, apparently lifeless, but partially recovering he placed his hands over the wound and while the blood gushed out between his fingers he exclaimed, "God have mercy! God have mercy!" The infernal fiend then dismounted and, drawing a small pistol from his belt, stood over the prostrate form of the dying man and took deliberate aim at his head. The shot from the small pistol not having the desired effect, he muttered between his clenched teeth a curse upon the weapon, replaced it in the holster and, drawing a "Colts navy," fired again. The lifeblood spurted in purple currents from his mangled head, his warm, generous heart ceased to beat, and the spirit of a good citizen, a kind husband and father, stood in the presence of his Maker. After rifling his pockets, in which they found between \$300 and \$400, he mounted his horse again and ordered the man who was in company with Mr. Hardy to unhitch the horses, which he did, but they did not stay to take them. Some of his men on coming up to the scene of the murder inquired of the captain why he killed that man. He replied "Because he did not mind me. I will kill any man who refuses to obey me."

Passing along the road a short distance they met a man from Missouri with a span of horses and wagon, robbed him of his money, near \$500.00, stuffed it in a cartridge box and coolly asked the gentleman for some cigars. The one who received the money told the man that the captain was coming up and that he must do whatever the captain told him, and to do it quick. The captain upon coming up told the man to unhitch his horses. "Do they pace?" inquired the captain. "No, sir." "Then I don't want them. I have got better horses. Pull off that halter." "Which halter?" inquired the man. "The one on the bay horse." He did it, handed it to the captain, who receiving it told the man to hitch up his horses, drive up to the house and take care of that dead man and not to leave there until morning.

They next stopped at the house of Eleazar Small, a soldier who had served his country faithfully as a member of Company A, Third Iowa Cavalry. Mr. Small, when coming from the barn, saw them approaching and mistaking them for Federal soldiers, stopped to see them. The same soulless wretch whose hands were red with the blood of Hardy rode up to him, asked him a few words about his regiment, and drawing his revolver shot him in the face. He threw up his hands over the wound, and turning around uttered a piteous groan that would have touched the heart of a savage, and received two other shots, one in the neck and the other in the breast. The proud form that had so often faced the enemies of his country in the shock of battle and been spared to return to the bosom of his family, fell lifeless at the feet of an assassin, who coolly dismounting, robbed him of his money.

We next hear of them at Springville. Captain Philip Bence<sup>2</sup> of Company —, Thirtieth Iowa Infantry, was at his home in Springville enjoying the society of the "loved ones at home," and a brief respite from the toils and privations of camp life, on leave of absence. The guerrilla chief rode up to the residence of Captain Bence, and calling him out, spoke pleasantly to the captain and inquired about his regiment. The captain was dressed in full uniform. They compelled him to take them off, and to put on a coarse pair of light blue uniform pants and a jeans coat. They then robbed him of \$550.00 in money and then proposed to kill him. I have been informed that Captain Bence approached the guerrilla chief and in a low tone of voice, that he might not be heard by his family, asked as a special favor that he would not kill him in the presence of his wife.

News of the depredations of this gang having a few moments before their arrival reached Springville, a number of the militia were engaged in getting their horses and equipments. Three or four horses were al-

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<sup>2</sup>Philip Bence enlisted August 13, 1862, as third sergeant in Company F, Thirtieth Iowa Infantry, at the age of forty-three. He was a native of Indiana and his residence was Davis County, Iowa, at time of enlistment. He was promoted to first lieutenant March 29, 1863, and to captain April 3, 1864. He was slightly wounded at Atlanta, Georgia, July 28, 1864, and was killed by guerrillas at Springfield [Springville], Iowa, October 12, 1864. (See Roster Iowa Volunteers, Vol. III, p. 1496.)



ready standing hitched to the fence. The guerrillas captured the horses and took as prisoners Captain Bence, William Hill, David Sanderson, Andrew Tunnehill and Joseph Hill. They asked Joseph Hill whether he had ever been a soldier. He said he had not, which was a *slight* equivocation, for I remember to have seen him performing duty as a faithful member of Company D, Forty-fifth Iowa. They demanded his money, made him "turn his pockets" and throw away his knife, and then deliberated whether they had not better shoot him because he did not throw the knife farther off. They took his horse however, and mounting the prisoners, Captain Bence and Sanderson on the same horse, rode off.

They next went to the house of Frank Dabney, saw Mr. Dabney near the door and ordered him to halt, but Frank refused to halt, but went into the house, tossed his pocketbook on the loft and passed out the other door. They failed to find his pocketbook, but took his horses. Not far from here they met William Losey and inquired of him if he had heard of any Rebels in the country. He told them that he had and that he was then on his way to Springville and Savannah<sup>3</sup> to give the alarm and raise the militia. "We are the Rebels," said the captain, "and do you fall in." Losey was astounded and was hesitating. The "click" of a revolver and a word of advice from his neighbors, the prisoners, settled the matter in his mind and he "fell in." They robbed him of \$64.00.

They now moved rapidly on to the house of Lieutenant William Niblack, late of Company D, Third Iowa Cavalry, whom they robbed of his saber, uniform, and some \$30.00 in money. They inquired of the lieutenant if he did not think he ought to be killed. It was a grave question. I do not know how long the lieutenant was engaged in "making up his mind," but I have no doubt he expressed his calm deliberate judgment when he replied, "No, I do not think I ought to be killed. I have done my duty to my country, and done it faithfully." His life was spared. Why, we can not tell. The fiend whose hands were reeking with the blood of Niblack's neighbors turned away, his hand released its grasp on the deadly weapon at his side. Did one single pang of poignant grief and remorse for his deeds of robbery and murder rend his heart and light up with one ray of conscience the darkness of his soul? It is a secret known only to Him whose "all-seeing eye" sleeps not. The guerrilla chief lingered while the murderous gang passed on. Soon, however, he overtook them and rode forward to the head of the column, and for a short time seemed absorbed in his reflections. The sun was sinking behind the hills. A day of carnage and blood was closing. The avenger of blood was on their tracks. Men who had faced

<sup>3</sup>Savannah is still shown on some recent maps. It is two miles west of the center of Davis County, and two miles north of the present Missouri boundary. Springville seems to be extinct, not appearing on recent maps, but old maps show it nearly two miles north of Savannah.—Editor.

death in the marshes and trenches, in the tangled woodlands and open fields, and toiled and fought their way up the slope of Lookout Mountain above the clouds, were on the "war path." Night was closing around them. Their only safety was in rapid flight aided by the darkness. The prisoners would encumber their march. They must be disposed of at once.

The chief reined in his horse and dropped back to the rear of the column and for a few moments rode in silence beside young Power who, suffering from recent sickness and chilled with the night wind, was scarcely able to ride. Soon, however, the chief brightened up and commenced whistling, drew his revolver and, riding forward, placed the muzzle near the head of Captain Bence and fired. Captain Bence and Sanderson were both riding the same horse. Both fell off at the crack of the pistol. Sanderson stunned by the concussion supposed for a moment that he too was wounded. Bence raised up on his elbows, put his hands to his face, and uttered a piteous moan. The cowardly fiend again fired on the dying man. Sinking to the earth in expiring agony, his bosom heaved a few convulsive throbs and the beatings of his heart were hushed forever. The following inscription written in pencil was pinned on his clothing:

"Killed in retaliation for David Plunket, who was murdered by Federal soldiers near, Glasgow, Missouri

October 12, 1864

By Order of

James Jackson

Lieutenant Commanding."

I learn that a paper bearing the same, or a similar inscription, was found pinned on the clothing of Mr. Small.

They now held a council to determine what should be done with the remaining prisoners. Deciding to release them, they ordered them to dismount and after extorting from them a pledge not to enter the Union Army and not to divulge anything that they had seen until they reached Springville, they dismissed them. The prisoners reached Springville near midnight, fatigued and worn out with the exciting scenes through which they had passed. Young Power was almost exhausted. With nothing on his feet but an old worn out pair of socks which the raiders gave him when they took his boots and socks from him, and without pants, sick and chilled with the night wind, he was near fainting when he reached the house of Dempson Hill where he rested under the kind care of Mrs. Hill until morning.

The expedition under Colonel Weaver struck their trail at Hardy's and followed it with rapidity and unerring precision until they arrived at the place where Captain Bence was killed. It was now 12 o'clock at night, they were in Missouri, five hours behind the raiders to whom every bridle path was familiar. It was impossible to track them. Procuring a mode of conveyance for the body of Captain Bence, they reluctantly retraced their steps homeward. The scene at the residence of Captain Bence when his lifeless form was laid down at the feet of his

wife and children can not be described. The bruised and mangled heart of his poor wife who had so often leaned her head trustingly like a weary dove upon his manly bosom, sunk beneath the shock and she swooned away. The piteous wail of his little children as they clung to that lifeless form and called it "father," moved the stoutest hearts to pity, and bathed the scarred and bronzed cheeks of the veteran soldiers in tears. God is just, and sooner or later the incarnate fiends, whose crimes of pillage and murder have spread the pall of universal mourning and woe over our people, will meet with their just deserts.

Every preparation that could be made with the means at our disposal was made for the defense of our county seat. The army of Price was said to be on this side of the Missouri River. The valley of the Des Moines with its immense supplies of provisions and forage was surely his destination unless met and driven back by the Federal army. The movements of our army seemed about this time to be shrouded in mystery. The approach of Price's invading forces seemed to many simply a question of time. Large raiding and foraging parties could at least be detached from his command and in the absence of well drilled and organized troops, march through the border counties carrying death and desolation to almost every hearthstone. The inhabitants of the county were fully aroused to the importance of the occasion. Companies unarmed and armed were called out, and performed cheerfully the guard and patrol duties assigned them.

An order was issued by Colonel Viall of Lee County, aid-de-camp to the governor, and directed to Colonel Weaver, instructing him to take command of the entire militia forces of the county and to put as many men on duty on the border as he thought the public safety required. One hundred mounted men and two commissioned officers were detailed by the colonel and assigned to duty along the south line of the county, with instructions to patrol the roads day and night. Twenty-five men were detailed to do duty at the county seat and instructed to arrest every suspicious looking stranger that could be found in the vicinity. The same instructions were given to the troops on the border and the number of arrests that have been made from time to time since the order was issued, attests to the faithfulness with which it has been obeyed. Over one hundred persons have been arrested and turned back to Missouri at one post (Savannah). Ceaseless vigilance was the order of the day. A chain of couriers was appointed reaching to every school district in the border townships and every precaution taken to guard against surprise.

On the evening of October 21, 1864, a courier arrived at my place of business from Pulaski, with the intelligence that a body of twenty-five mounted men had been seen that morning, some three or four miles from Milton in Van Buren County. Some forty men were immediately mounted on horseback, many of them "pressed" for the occasion, and started in the direction of Milton, fifteen miles distant, under the com-

mand of Colonel Weaver. On arriving at Pulaski we learned that a scouting party had been sent out, leaving instructions to detain at Pulaski any forces that might arrive, until a courier from the scouting party should return with "tidings" from the scouts. This precaution was thought necessary as the raiders might possibly be moving westward but south of us. A scout soon arrived bringing the intelligence that they had encamped six miles south of Milton. We moved on rapidly to Milton where we found the militia of Troy, Pulaski and other parts of the county with the forces in the vicinity awaiting our arrival. Here we found and conversed with a lady at whose house they had taken breakfast that morning, who confirmed the statement of the number. But they had committed no depredations that we could hear of, except that they had taken some man prisoner whom they kept very closely, not suffering him to speak to the lady nor anyone else. We found other persons who had seen them and knew they were encamped at or near the house of Mr. Billips.

The column being mounted again moved cautiously south, until within a quarter of a mile of Billips' house, they dismounted and, groping their way cautiously through the thick brushwood, surrounded the house and barn. So cautiously was the whole thing done that the dogs were not aroused until the men were at the doors. And then such a "yelping" of dogs was never heard in any other place except Missouri, or some other state where "niggers" and dogs are "household gods."

The inmates of the house were aroused. From them we learned that twenty-five men had encamped there in the evening, fed their horses, and after getting supper left about 9 o'clock in the evening. It was now nearly daylight. The command was again mounted and started in pursuit. But with some nine hours the start of us it was impossible to overtake them. Their tracks indicated that they had divided into small squads, taking as many different roads. We scoured the country for some twenty miles in Missouri and failing to find them, returned "every man to his tent." From that time until the evening of November 7 we had comparative quiet. But the number of strangers constantly passing and attempting to pass through the county kept our fears constantly aroused lest the scattered fugitives from Price's army should concentrate somewhere near the border and make another raid for pillage and murder.

On November 7 six persons came into the county from the east, traveling in pairs. Two of them stopped at the house of Mr. Hendricks, and in a rude, boisterous manner demanded something to eat. The lady declining to get dinner for them they helped themselves to what they could find in the cupboard and left. They made their way to the house of Mr. Gore and put up for the night. Thomas Duffield, William Wallace, and his son John Wallace, learning that they were suspicious looking characters and that they had stopped at Gore's, resolved to arrest them. The militia at Troy had been apprised of the strangers and were collect-



ing for the purpose of arresting them. But Duffield and the two Wallaces believed that they could arrest them, and proceeded to the house. William Wallace entered the house and leveling his gun ordered them to surrender. The two men, affecting a willingness to surrender and stepping into another room, almost instantly returned and with a revolver in each hand commenced firing. The older Wallace was killed almost instantly. The young man now rushed in and received some seven or eight shots. The men now attempted to run out but were met by Duffield whom they struck a heavy blow with a pistol, knocking him down, leaped over him, and after turning to fire on him, broke and run. Duffield was stunned with the blow, and young Wallace had fallen on him, which so encumbered him that it was difficult to return the fire. But disengaging himself as best he could he drew up and fired at one of them as he ran off. The fellow fell at the crack of the gun, but recovered and ran again. The militia from Troy arrived shortly after. Pursuit was made, but in the darkness the men escaped. Young Wallace still survives. His sufferings have been intense, but he bears it with the patience and fortitude of an old soldier. William Wallace was a good citizen, loved and respected by his neighbors. The lives of ten thousand such ruffians as those who killed him would not atone for his.

The militia captured their horses and equipment. Their saddle pockets were filled with powder, balls, percussion caps, bullet molds, and horseshoe nails. Everything about their equipage indicated that they were Rebel bushwhackers or Confederate soldiers. In the hat of one was found a recruiting commission issued from the headquarters of Shelby's division of Price's army, and directed to Captain West with instruction to enforce the conscript law in Audrain, Adair, and Howard counties of Missouri.

The news of Wallace's death reached Bloomfield in a very short time after it occurred. The militia was called out. The roads were patrolled and guarded in every direction. Quite a number of strangers had been seen during the day in different parts of the county. Many believed that an attack was contemplated the next day, the day of the presidential election.

For the purpose of arousing the whole county to vigilance, in the absence of a piece of artillery, I ordered the firing of an anvil. Alfred Rudd, formerly of Company G, Second Iowa Infantry, while discharging that duty received a most dangerous wound by the bursting of the anvil. He will be crippled for many months, perhaps for life. He has served his country faithfully and it would be but justice for the state to remunerate him, if not for his suffering, for loss of time.

On the morning of November 8 two young men were arrested, who upon examination confessed that they belonged to the gang of six men who came into the county the day before, and that the men who had killed Wallace were also two of their number; they stated that they,

with a number of others, had been conscripted by West; that they had attempted to get to Price who was retreating; that West and his conscripts being cut off by the Union forces had disbanded; that afterwards West with six others got together and determined to get out of Missouri through Iowa. One of their number turned back in Missouri. The remaining six came to the Des Moines River and separated in pairs. West and his companion, Bob Chalk, were going to winter near the city of Des Moines. Zack Poor and his brother were going to Texas, and these two, Mark Sharon and William Mason, were going to Nebraska.

Other arrests were made from time to time, until we had at one time in jail thirteen as villainous looking scoundrels as ever went unhung. Two United States detectives came along, and being arrested and confined with the prisoners, obtained much information of value to us in regard to the future movements in contemplation by the bands of scoundrels who have infested northern Missouri since the rebellion. The prisoners were all sent to Missouri and placed in the hands of the proper authorities. Nine "contraband" horses with their equipments have been captured by the militia and sold by your order.

The vigilance of the militia stationed on the leading thoroughfares of the county, and the scouting parties patrolling in every direction, has had the effect to turn the travel from Missouri east and west of our county. I have no doubt but large numbers of Rebels are now quietly wintering in Iowa, with a view of recruiting their horses and recuperating themselves preparatory to a concentration at some point in the spring. Our people should not release their vigilance because the danger has seemed to have passed by, but watch closely the movements of every stranger. We should know who they are and where they came from. A good, loyal man will not take offense when he knows that our inquiries are intended for the public safety, and if he is not loyal to his heart's core, no matter if he does take offense. Every loyal man along the southern border, in addition to the arms distributed by the state, should have at least one good revolver, and have it with him "omni-present," so that he may be ready at any moment to meet a dashing raid, though it might come like a spark from smitten steel, and not have to run a half mile to his house and unlock a trunk to get it, and then stop to load it. There is no safety but in "eternal vigilance."

4S. A. MOORE,

Lieut.-Col. and A. D. C.

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<sup>4</sup>Samuel A. Moore was born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, December 17, 1821, and died at Bloomfield, Iowa, February 6, 1905. He was a newspaper man, a member of the Indiana Legislature in 1850, removed to Davis County, Iowa, in 1853, farmed for a time, and was county judge from 1855-7. He entered mercantile business, but in 1861 enlisted and became captain of Company G, Second Iowa Infantry, and was severely wounded at Fort Donelson. He later became lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-fifth Iowa Infantry. He was state senator in 1864-6, postmaster at Bloomfield from 1875 to 1883, representative in 1902, and sergeant-at-arms of the House in 1904. He was an eloquent speaker and a popular citizen. Editor.

## COLONEL N. W. MILLS OF THE SECOND IOWA INFANTRY

BY HON. F. M. MILLS

Colonel Noah W. Mills was born June 21, 1834, in Montgomery County, Indiana. His father was Hon. Dan Mills who removed to Crawfordsville where he practiced law, but afterward removed to northwestern Indiana where he served a term as judge of his district, later removing to Des Moines, and later to Jefferson. From that judicial district he was elected to the first term of the Iowa State Board of Education, which passed the school laws which, in the main, are still the laws in force.

Colonel Mills was partly educated at Wabash College. He learned the printing business, but was afterward connected with a railway engineering corps, and then became a railway messenger of the Adams Express Company. On his railway trips he carried his law books with him and studied them, and was later admitted to the bar, having also served as deputy county clerk.

In 1856 he was married to a daughter of Judge P. A. Hackleman of Indiana, afterward General Hackleman, who commanded the brigade composed of the Second and several other Iowa regiments at the Battle of Corinth, where he, as well as my brother, was killed.

Soon after his marriage he removed to Des Moines to practice law, but the town was full of young lawyers who flocked to Des Moines on the location of the capital and the establishment of a land office there, so it was decided to establish a book and job printing office in connection with his brother, which grew into a large and successful publishing house.

During the presidential campaign of 1860 he was captain of the Wide-awakes, and on the breaking out of the war he enlisted with the military company which had been formed in Des Moines, was appointed second lieutenant of Company D, Second Iowa Infantry, and at the organization at the rendezvous at Keokuk was promoted to captain. He saw some service in Missouri where



COLONEL N. W. MILLS

Second Iowa Infantry

(From the steel engraving in "Iowa Colonels," by Captain A. A. Stuart, 1865)



he was in charge of a camp, and then returned to the regiment and was in the front at the Battle of Fort Donelson where he gained much credit, and was promoted to major. At the Battle of Shiloh his coat sleeve was shot away and he had a slight wound in the face. He was in the hottest part of the fight in the Hornet's Nest where half of the brigade was taken prisoner, and General Tuttle gave him the credit of saving the rest of the regiment by sending him word that the Rebels were flanking them. He was next promoted to lieutenant-colonel. Early in the Battle of Corinth, on the first day, both General Hackleman and Colonel Baker were killed and the command of the Second Regiment devolved on him, and he fought the battle through to the last minute of the second day's fight, when he was shot in the foot while leading the last charge on Van Dorn. He had taken the colors on his horse and while pressing the enemy was shot. His wound resulted in lockjaw and he died within the week. Governor Kirkwood had commissioned him colonel of the regiment but the commission had not reached him when he died.

His remains were brought home and were buried with the full honors of war, Hon. John A. Kasson delivering the oration which, by request of the citizens, was published in the *Register*, and is published with this sketch. Colonel Mills was a good speaker, a fine writer, something of a poet, and would have made his mark in affairs if he had lived. He was tall, well built, and of fine presence. He was greatly loved by his friends and his men. Nearly every one of his employees went to the war with him.

#### ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN A. KASSON

(Funeral address delivered at Des Moines on October 20, 1862, in honor of Lieutenant-Colonel Mills of the Second Iowa Infantry, killed in the Battle of Corinth.)

The country, and the family, have a common, and a double mourning today.<sup>1</sup> One mourns the loss of a brave general and a gallant colonel. The other at the same time mourns the father mature in years, and the young husband. The last double grief is too deep, too sacred, for me to touch. I leave this to the consolations of religion. Let me rather speak the voice of the citizens.

The words pronounced at a soldier's burial should be few. He loved

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<sup>1</sup>General Hackleman, of Indiana, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mills, who was General Hackleman's son-in-law.

his country, he fought for her, he died for her. These tell the history of each brave soul who has gone from among us, and has fallen by the cruel hands of traitors. Some of these now sleep their last sleep near the homes which sent them forth, others have gone to rest beneath a distant soil, which our enemies would, if possible, make a foreign soil. They rejoice as we bury the gallant sons of the North in the distant South, and indulge hopes therefrom of success. Fools! not to see that the heart goes where the treasure is, and that the soil so consecrated shall never, never, become alien to us, so long as enough of that sacred dust remains to answer the call of the Archangel's trumpet. No! as the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, so is the blood of the patriot the fountain of new vigor and valor. For each one who falls, two rise up, and offer to avenge the country that lost him. Wherever loyal dust is found, on the plains of Texas, the delta of the Mississippi, in the everglades of Florida, the mountains of Tennessee, or the sands of the Carolinas, there is national soil, and it belongs to the common posterity of our fathers, and to the flag which lawfully waved over it.

It has pleased God to ordain that great blessings should be won by nations at great cost. The enormous strides of advancing civilization in Europe for a hundred years past have been made along a dark and bloody road. France, first divided by civil war, then united by a foreign war, threw off the shackles of an infamous despotism into a sea of blood; and then threw off the worse tyranny of anarchy into another red sea; and thereafter reddened all the plains of Europe with her blood, while she consolidated her institutions in the light of a new progress and comparative liberty. England, from the time her blood was expended for Magna Charta to the final overthrow of royal tyranny and the foundation of her present popular system, has marked nearly every step of her progress with blood. Our own national history discloses the same law of social advancement. Our Revolution, our subsequent emancipation from British dictation, both came to us by great expenditure of blood and treasure.

But now, again, a great, vital, terrific struggle is upon our generation. Our own government is to be established at vast cost of blood and treasure. In the spring of last year, while our ploughmen were inviting the generous earth to feed the world again with her bounties, while unwonted evidences of general prosperity were manifested throughout our land, while constitution and laws remained unchanged, the sound of treacherous cannon was echoed from the southeast. A long formed, deeply laid, and most terrible conspiracy lifted its threatening front and directed its bloodshot eyes, not merely at our national peace, but at our national life also. The monstrous offspring of mad ambition and swollen pride, and nursed by perjury, its serpentine trail was early discovered among the late administrators and sworn defenders of the government. The loyal soldiers of our standing army had been moved far away into the wilderness. The effective navy was floating idly in

distant seas, requiring long months for its recall. Our arms and ammunition had been sent to supply Southern armories and Southern fortifications. The treacherous poison was infused into the very men whose experience seemed necessary to the proper working of the War and Navy departments. Distrusted, and self-convicted, they deserted the loyal ship of state. Some who remained tarried only to acquire secrets which they afterward betrayed. The conspirators, in order to induce further desertions, offered the bribe, to military and naval officers, of equal rank and pay in their iniquitous service. The letter of one officer then in our service was shown to me, in which he stated to his ignoble fellow conspirator that he intended to remain a little longer in the national service, as resignations were frequent, promotions rapid, and he would soon be promoted himself, when he would quit the service and enter the conspiracy with higher rank. This profound depth of infamy was hardly rivaled even by a Benedict Arnold, or a Twiggs.<sup>2</sup> Was a vessel of war in course of construction, a conspiring engineer would break or disarrange her machinery. Was a ship to be dispatched seaward, who was safe enough in his loyalty to command her? Was an expedition of the military determined, who was competent, and at the same time true enough, to conduct it? The very children of the nation, adopted in childhood, fed and clothed by the government, educated by the country at her military and naval schools, and provided for through life, even these proved to be vipers, carried in the bosom of the Union only to sting the breast that had warmed them into life. Never since time began was a beneficent government so sorely pressed. The national sun rose gloomily each successive morning, only to sink in deeper gloom at night. The open, beaming face of loyalty was almost disguised with shame. The unholy eye of Rebellion was luridly gleaming with expected triumph. Envious tyrants abroad smiled their grim approbation of treason, and pronounced the people incapable of maintaining their own government.

While these impending clouds overhung the national horizon, a flash like Heaven's luminous thunderbolt rent them in twain, and illuminated the patriot's heart with hope. It was the President's call of the people to arms. As the returning tide in one of the northeastern bays of our coast comes in to flood, roaring and rushing, to the terror of mariners, sweeping all save the immovable rocks in its mighty course, so came the loyal people of the invincible North in their rush to arms—to the defense of the national life, and national liberty.

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<sup>2</sup>David E. Twiggs was born in Richmond County, Georgia, in 1790. He served in the United States Army in the War of 1812, and in the Black Hawk War. He remained in the army and in the Mexican War and became a brevet brigadier-general. After peace was declared he was given command of the Department of the West with headquarters in St. Louis, but in 1857 he took charge of the Department of Texas with office at San Antonio. In 1861 he ranked next to General Scott, the senior officer of the army, but he resigned and was made a major-general of the Confederate Army and was its ranking general. He served at New Orleans for a time but soon retired because of age. (See *National Cyc. Am. Biog.*, Vol. IV, p. 102.)

And thou, dear old friend, now lying so cold and rigid before me, then foremost among them! Brave heart, throbbing then with quick pulsations of patriotic blood, alas, too silent now! Would it had pleased God to spare you longer, to witness the final triumph of your country's arms, and the restoration of national concord! Then, like Wolfe on the plains of Quebec, your voice would have been heard saying "I die happy."

No more upright, or purer, soul joined that army. He was only twenty-six years of age. He had read for the profession of law in Indiana, and thence he came to this city where his desire for that profession was abandoned in the more quiet pursuits of business. Few persons knew how quietly and steadily he followed literary studies. Fond of reading and composing in his leisure hours, he cultivated tastes that improved and honored him. His character was so unpretending, his life so void of worldly ambition, that the public had remained ignorant of his essential worth and vigorous patriotism. After a brief space given to reflection, he responded to the bugle note sounded by the commander-in-chief with the offer of his labor and his life for the salvation of his government. He was made second lieutenant of the first company which this county sent forth to the war. He was enrolled with the Second Iowa Infantry—the first in Iowa which enlisted for the war. From that time to his last hour he bore a gallant and distinguished part in all the victories of that glorious battalion. Rising rapidly grade by grade, gaining each bar and both oak leaves by merit, on the day of his last battle he found himself in command of one of the most distinguished regiments in the United States service, and entitled to place the silver eagle on his shoulders. Cool, collected, fearless in the rage of battle, unseduced by pleasure, unshaken by danger, unterrified in the death storm, he was a model officer, a Bayard among the volunteers. As I recall his manly form, his serene countenance, his Christian eye, I can understand why no Rebel bullet could do more than rend his garments, and why it should be left to a chance ball to tear his foot, and ultimately destroy his life. As a traitor looked into his kindly face, he reproached himself as a murderer at the thought of robbing mankind of such a model of upright manhood. In the brilliant and daring assault by his regiment at Donelson, which won us the first great victory of the war, he escaped almost unscathed. In the terrible scenes at Shiloh his escape was equally miraculous. In the Battle of Corinth he seemed equally the favorite of some beneficent angel, until the contest was nearly over, and the eagle of victory was about descending upon our banners, when an ill-aimed bullet came crushing lengthwise through his foot. His regiment, having lost its brave colonel early on the preceding day, was now under his command. General Rosecrans, knowing the importance of their position, had come near to them, doubting even the bravest of the brave amidst the overwhelming terror of that conflict, and stood himself exposed to the deadly storm of missiles



in order to stimulate the Second Regiment by his presence. Lieutenant-Colonel Mills rode to him and begged him to retire from this danger, that he might be saved for the army, and told him he would stand responsible for the behavior of his veteran regiment. When his lines wavered under the reckless pressure of the enemy, he seized the colors from the guard and held them aloft from his horse, and rallied his thinned and exhausted ranks to renewed deeds of valor. It was then he received his mortal wound. Painful as it was through all that wonderful network which the bullet had crushed in its course, he kept the saddle. His brigadier, General Sweeney, rode up to him, and urged him to retire, with the words so grateful to a soldier, "Colonel, your conduct has been admirable, sir, admirable!" And as the enemy fled before our pursuing battalions, our wounded colonel yielded to his wound and retired. Victory had crowned the Union banners. His undaunted regiment had won new thanks from a brave chief and new laurels from a grateful country. They had inscribed a fresh page of glory in the history of this state. They and their comrades in that fight had furnished a glowing chapter to the future historian of this national war. And in the midst of these glorious results, it pleased God to take to himself our chivalrous soldier. Near the close of his career he said, "I have tried to do my duty; I am not afraid to die." With this language from his general, and from himself—fit memorial words for this monument—let us give him honorable burial, and consecrate his memory in our grateful hearts.

Other such manly, virtuous, gallant lives must yet be sacrificed to ensure the final triumph of our holy cause. Each new sacrifice gives greater sanctity to the national ark of our safety, and invigorates our resolutions. This blood shall not be shed in vain: Holy vengeance crieth to us from the ground. New volunteers replace the fallen. The murderous legions of the conspirators now waver. The gallant Iowa souls that left us at Blue Mills, at Belmont, at Pea Ridge, at Donelson, at Shiloh, at Iuka, at Corinth, speak to us the noblest word of war—**FORWARD!** While we give our tears to the dead, we give our cheers to the living.

"Listen! young heroes, your country is calling.

Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true.

Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,

Fill up the ranks that have opened for you.

"Never or now! cries the blood of a nation,

Pour'd on the turf where the red rose should bloom.

Now is the day and the hour of salvation.

Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom.

"You whom the fathers made free and defended,

Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame.

You, whose fair heritage spotless descended,

Leave not your children a birthright of shame!"



PORTRAIT OF GEORGE G. WRIGHT

(At the age of 31, from a daguerreotype presented by Mrs. J. C. Knapp of Keosauqua, to Edgar R. Harlan, and in his collection of "The Van Buren County Group of Famous Men.")

# ANNALS OF IOWA

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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### JUDGE GEORGE G. WRIGHT

Last June there was held at Keosauqua memorial services in remembrance of the late Judge Robert Sloan. Just previous to that occasion the Curator of this department received from Hon. William W. Baldwin, a distinguished former citizen of Keosauqua who was to take part in the services, an inquiry as to when Judge George G. Wright, who was perhaps Keosauqua's most prominent lawyer at the time Judge Sloan was beginning the study of law, was "first elected or appointed to the Supreme Court." In preparing to answer the question it was discovered that from the sources at hand there is not in any one place such a detailed biography of Judge Wright as would satisfy a student or investigator. Judge Wright was one of the most prominent and popular men in the history of the state. The inadequate collection of facts relating to his life form a poor commentary on the work done in the newspapers, journals, encyclopedias, biographies, and other writings of the state. We therefore assembled in brief space the salient features of this notable life from the following authorities:

E. H. Stiles's Recollections and Sketches.

ANNALS OF IOWA, biographical sketch by B. F. Gue.

Official Register of Iowa.

Census of Iowa, 1895.

Journal of the House, Fifth General Assembly, 1855.

*Keosauqua Republican* of January 23, 1896, quoted from the *Des Moines Capital*.

History of Van Buren County.

Memorial exercises of Supreme Court held February 8, 1896.

House Journal, page 11, 1896, containing joint memorial resolution.

Executive Journal of Iowa in Public Archives Division of Historical Department of Iowa.

Journal of Senate and House, Thirteenth General Assembly, 1870.

Files of *Ottumwa Courier*, January, 1870.

Congressional directories of the Forty-second, Forty-third, and Forty-fourth congresses.

Care was taken to verify the facts so far as possible.

In connection with this study it was found that under the old constitution, from 1846 to 1857, the General Assembly elected the judges of the Supreme Court in the same way that it elected United States senators, a historical fact almost unknown to the people of today.

We append the sketch prepared:

#### GEORGE G. WRIGHT

George Grover Wright was born in Bloomington, Indiana, March 24, 1820, and died in Des Moines, Iowa, January 11, 1896. His parents were John Wright and Rachel (Seaman) Wright. He entered the Indiana State University at Bloomington in 1836 and was graduated in 1839. He then began the study of law with his brother, Hon. Joseph A. Wright, at Rockville, Indiana, was admitted to the bar in 1840 and in September of that year removed to Keosauqua, Iowa, coming by way of the Wabash, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, and began the practice of law. In 1844 he formed a partnership with J. C. Knapp, the firm being Wright & Knapp. H. C. Caldwell studied law with the firm and for a time was associated with them as Wright, Knapp & Caldwell. In 1846 Wright was appointed by the court prosecuting attorney for Van Buren County and served two years. In 1848 he was elected senator and served in the Second and Third general assemblies. In 1850 he was a member of the joint committee on the revision of the laws of the state which resulted in the Code of 1851. In 1850 he was nominated by the Whigs of the First District for Congress, but was defeated by Bernhart Henn, the district being strongly Democratic. In 1853 when George W. Jones was re-elected to the United States Senate, Mr. Wright received the votes of the Whig members of the General Assembly for that position. On January 5, 1855, he was elected by the joint convention of the General Assembly as chief justice of the Supreme Court for the term of six years, receiving 53 votes to 45 for Edward Johnston of Lee County, and 1 for H. W. Starr. He served as chief justice until the reorganization of the court after the adoption of the new constitution. At that time, or in the election of 1859, he declined to be a can-



didate.<sup>1</sup> The three who were elected at that election were Ralph P. Lowe of Lee County, Lacon D. Stockton of Des Moines County, and Caleb Baldwin of Pottawattamie County. Lowe drew the two-year term and became chief justice. Baldwin drew the four-year term and Stockton the six-year term. On June 9, 1860, Stockton died and ten days thereafter Governor Kirkwood wrote the following letter to Judge Wright:

Des Moines, Iowa, June 19, 1860.

Hon. Geo. G. Wright.

Dear Sir:

The death of Judge Stockton has made a vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court which the exigency of the public service requires shall be promptly filled.

I have this day signed and deposited with the secretary of state a commission appointing you to fill that vacancy and I hereby notify you of that fact, with the earnest request that you will accept the appointment.

Your determination to decline an election last year was a subject of deep regret to the bar and people of our state, and I shall feel much gratified if I can distinguish my administration by inducing you to return to a position the duties of which you discharge with so much advantage to the state and honor to yourself.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

Judge Wright accepted the appointment, qualified on June 26, and was elected by the people November 6, 1860, for the remainder of the term. On October 10, 1865, he was re-elected for a term of six years commencing January 1, 1866.

In 1860 Judge Wright was elected president of the State Agricultural Society and served four years.

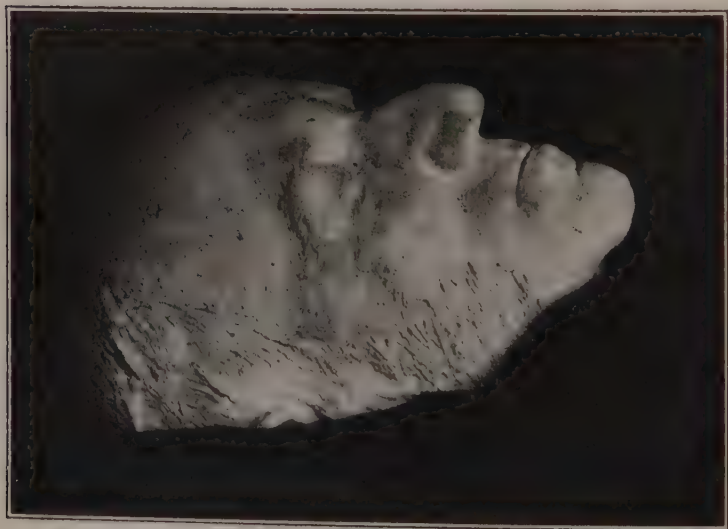
In 1865 he and C. C. Cole established the Iowa Law School at Des Moines. In 1868 it was removed to Iowa City and became the Law Department of the State University of Iowa. The Iowa Law School later was revived at Des Moines and became the Law Department of Drake University.

The Republican caucus of the members of the Thirteenth General Assembly on January 13, 1870, nominated him for United States senator, the informal ballot being George G. Wright 63,

<sup>1</sup>It is thought that Judge Wright modestly withdrew from being a candidate at that time in order that the retiring one-term governor, Ralph P. Lowe, could have a place on the ticket, and not bunch the three judges in one corner of the state.

William B. Allison 39, Samuel Merrill 24, Samuel J. Kirkwood 1. The formal ballot was Wright 66, Allison 47, Merrill 13, Kirkwood 1. On January 18 the General Assembly elected Justice Wright United States senator by the following vote: George G. Wright 125 votes, Thomas W. Clagget 19 votes. On the following March 4 he thus became United States senator and served six years. There he served on the Judiciary, Finance, Revision of the Laws, Claims, Civil Service and Retrenchment, and Revolutionary Claims committees, rendering excellent service, but he declined being a candidate for re-election, preferring to return to the practice of his profession.

He joined his son, Thomas S. Wright, and C. H. Gatch in the firm of Wright, Gatch & Wright in the practice of law in Des Moines. In 1879 he was elected a director in the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company, a position which he held the remainder of his life. In 1881 he joined the law firm composed of himself, Thomas S. Wright, A. B. Cummins, and Carroll Wright, under the style of Wright, Cummins & Wright. In 1887 he retired from the practice. He was then chosen presi-



CAST FROM DEATH MASK OF GEORGE G. WRIGHT  
(In Collections of the Historical Department of Iowa.)

dent of Polk County Savings Bank, and later, president of the Security Loan & Trust Company, which position he held at the time of his death. For many years he was a lecturer in the Law Department of the State University, and for six years he was president of the Iowa Pioneer Lawmaker's Association.

### THE REBEL RAID IN DAVIS COUNTY

The bitter experience of Iowa people in the southern tier of counties during the Civil War has never been fully set out in print. Bushwhacking created constant fear of guerrilla raids such as Morgan's in Indiana and Ohio. It produced the Quantrell and James gangs of bandits. The report of Colonel S. A. Moore, in part contained in the Report of the office of the Adjutant-General for 1864-5, Vol. II, is now for the first time produced in full in this number of the *ANNALS*.

As for the authority for the action taken regarding the suppression of trouble in Davis County, it may be said that the constitution of the state requires the governor to see that the laws are enforced. And reference is made to Chapter 35, Acts of the second session of the Ninth General Assembly directing the organization of the entire militia, and to Chapter 17 of the same session, especially providing for the protection of the southern border of the state. Each of these acts was approved by Governor Kirkwood on September 11, 1862.

The *ANNALS* will from time to time present similar materials touching remote early affairs in Iowa of which the Archives of the state are so full.

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### ABSTRACT OF THE MINUTES OF THE STATE BOARD OF CONSERVATION

April 25, 1922

The new board consisting of L. H. Pammel, Mrs. C. H. McNider, W. G. Haskell, and E. R. Harlan met as stated above.

*Motions.*—Motions were adopted as follows: That Dr. Pammel be chairman of the meeting; that the Board join with the Executive Council in urging the county boards of supervisors of Winnebago and Hancock counties to improve the road leading to Pilot Knob State Park from the west; that the Board recommend to the Executive Council that

the Board be authorized to employ custodians in the state parks, as seems wise and best in the judgment of the Board.

*Areas considered.*—Estherville, W. H. Biederman appeared and he was told to make formal request on behalf of their people definitely stating their proposition; Waverly, H. J. Arnold appeared and stated that because of action taken by the Board February 6, 1920, they raised \$2,500 to comply with what they understood to be an offer, and they now ask that the matter be closed up, and the secretary of this Board was directed to transmit the papers in the case to the Executive Council; that the Board calls the attention of the Executive Council to the resolution adopted by the Board on May 28, 1920, respecting a proposed state park at the Palisades, Linn County, and asks that it take favorable action.

April 26, 1922

*Motions.*—Motions were adopted as follows: That L. H. Pammel be made president and E. R. Harlan secretary of the Board; that W. G. Haskell be made chairman of the auditing committee of the three members other than the secretary, and that all bills be approved by them and certified by the office of the secretary before being sent to the Executive Council; that Frank Johnson be appointed custodian of Jones County Park, C. F. Henning of Ledges Park, and H. E. Rees of Lacey-Keosauqua Park, each to be paid \$100.00 per month commencing May 1, 1922, and that these custodians have full charge of any improvements or changes in their parks, and this only after they first receive authority from the Board.

*Reports on tree planting.*—Dr. Pammel reports he has made arrangements with Professor McDonald of the Department of Forestry at Ames to furnish, free of cost, trees to be planted in areas designated by the Board, white pine in Backbone and Eldora-Steamboat Rock parks, white pine and Norway pine in Jones County Park, and red cedar, cottonwood, and American elm on the sand dunes at Blue Lake; Mr. Harlan reported that he is in position to furnish to all state parks, cost free, with the exception of labor and transportation, all species of native trees indigenous to Iowa, application to be made for them ninety days previous to planting.

May 9, 1922

*Motions.*—The following motions were adopted: That in accordance with Section 6, Chapter 236, Acts of the Thirty-seventh General Assembly, the Board request the Executive Council to call upon any state agencies to survey any park area where surveying is needed, and to call upon the Landscape Architecture Department at Ames to do landscaping where that is needed, and that reports on said surveying and landscaping be first made to this Board and by them transmitted to the Executive Council, and that no improvements in any state parks, such as buildings, roads, or trails be begun or located, or any planting or



removing of trees or shrubs be done, except by authority of the Board; that a budget be made for Jones County Park of \$150.00 for shelters, \$200.00 for stand and bandstand, \$55.00 for retaining walls, \$25.00 for paint, \$100.00 for golf link grounds, \$100.00 for maintenance of trucks, and \$25.00 for nails, the amounts not to exceed the budget; that a letter from E. E. Cavanaugh relating to the construction of a building in Dolliver Memorial Park, be referred to Senator Haskell; that the building or allowing to be built a storehouse in Backbone Park, and the selection of a custodian for that park, be referred to Senator Haskell; that H. L. Taylor be appointed custodian of Pilot Knob Park; that H. E. Rees, custodian of Lacey-Keosauqua Park, be given oversight of Oakland Mills and Farmington parks; that the use of state parks by Boy Scouts and similar organizations under the oversight of our custodians and under the general park rules, be the tentative arrangement; that Jay S. Newcomer be asked to take temporary oversight of Eldora-Steamboat Rock Park, and G. A. Bieber of Ft. Atkinson Park; that the supervision of Theodore F. Clark Park be referred to Senator Haskell; that the matters relating to Fort Atkinson Park be referred to Dr. Pammel; that C. N. Douglas be appointed custodian of Dolliver Memorial Park commencing May 1 at \$100.00 per month; that Dr. Pammel be authorized to act in asking the Sigma Nu fraternity of Cornell College to relinquish their lease on property now being taken over in the Palisades Park; that a report by Senator Haskell authorizing the custodian at Jones County Park to incur necessary expenses in protecting the river bank from washing, etc.; that a letter from the Executive Council dated April 10, 1922, telling of certain debts contracted in making improvements in Backbone Park before that park was placed in charge of this Board, and that these bills were being paid out of the state park fund, be made a part of these minutes.

*Resolutions.*—Resolutions in substance as follows were adopted: That the budget for Jones County Park submitted by Senator Haskell be accepted as a model and that custodians of the other parks be required to present budgets; that the Board ask Professor G. B. McDonald of the Forestry Department at Ames to prepare and submit plans for reforestation denuded areas in the state parks with native Iowa trees; that the Board permit a nursery of trees for planting in state parks to be established in Jones County Park under the direction of Senator Haskell, Prof. G. B. McDonald, and the park custodian, as E. O. Michael and others have offered to the state trees and shrubs cost free; that the Board does not favor the planting of exotic shrubs, except as designated by some general planting plan, but favors the use of native shrubs wherever possible; that the Board permit the formation of an arboretum where exotic trees in restricted areas may be grown; that the Board direct all custodians to post signs stating that picking and digging wild plants and the destruction of animal life is prohibited, and that custodians shall not allow the picking of plants for specimens except under their direction.

June 16, 1922

*Reports.*—Dr. Pammel reported that Prof. F. H. Cully of the Landscape Department, and G. B. McDonald of the Forestry Department, Iowa State College, are willing to give their services to the Board in landscaping and reforesting the state parks, only charging their necessary traveling and other expenses; Mrs. McNider reported verbally on conditions at Pilot Knob; Dr. Pammel made a written report on Dolliver Memorial Park which is placed on file; Dr. Pammel reported verbally that occupants of meandered lands adjacent to Blue Lake have been paying taxes to Monona County; Dr. Pammel reported verbally that one of the dams and hydro-electric plants proposed to be constructed by the Iowa Traction Company will be within the boundaries of Ledges Park; Dr. Pammel filed reports on the areas of Welden Creek near Lineville, Duck Creek near New Albin, an area owned by J. H. McCord on Lake Okoboji, on Dexfield Park, and on Mount Hosmer, reporting that the latter area has been taken over by the town of Lansing.

*Motions.*—Motions were passed as follows: That the Board approve the offer of Professors Cully and McDonald to assist in landscaping and reforesting the parks, and that Prof. Cully be asked to visit Pilot Knob, and that Prof. McDonald be asked to visit Jones County, Blue Lake, and Pilot Knob, as soon as convenient to commence their work on them; that the custodian of Pilot Knob Park be authorized to cut away brush in a few places at the sides of the road leading from Dead Man's Lake to the summit so cars may pass; that the custodian of Pilot Knob Park be directed to furnish estimates for making the road and well as soon as the landscaping is done; that the custodian of Dolliver Memorial Park be permitted to expend not to exceed \$200.00 in removing rocks and trees as a help to making a road to the south entrance of the park, and \$100.00 in the building of a fence of 100 rods to keep live stock out of the park, keeping in mind the adjoining owner must build his half, and \$15.00 for material in constructing camp ovens; that the members of the Board and custodians be requested to send to the secretary a description of the type of oven best suited to Iowa conditions; that the matter of the erection of a memorial arch in Dolliver Memorial Park be deferred; that arrangements should be made for the dedication of the state parks that have not been dedicated, that they should come in the order of their acquisition, and that arrangements be made through the secretary; that no fee be permitted to be charged for entrance, for parking cars, or for any similar service in any state park, and that members be requested to formulate rules for the parks and present them at the next meeting; that the Board approve the offer of Cryder & Brown to put down a well in Ledges Park for \$1.25 per foot, they furnishing two-inch pipe and other necessary material, the estimated depth being 200 feet, and that Dr. Pammel be given power to act; that the secretary be directed to write the Attorney-General for an opinion on whether the state will have to build all or only one-half of partition

fences between park land and adjoining land; that Dr. Pammel be given authority to get assistance if necessary in finding the boundary lines of meandered lands adjacent to Blue Lake, and authority to lease said lands; that the custodian of Ledges Park be asked to file a bill covering the expenses incurred in papering the house he occupies on the park grounds, that the proposed changes and repairs on said house be submitted to Prof. Allen Kimball of the Structural Engineering Department of Ames and if approved by him that \$340.00, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be allowed in the budget, and that the building of six toilets be allowed at once at a cost of \$7.00 each, the permanent location to be fixed later; that Oscar Mark, address, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, be asked to act as honorary custodian of Gitchie Manitou Park; that necessary partition fences be allowed to be built at Oakland Mills and Farmington parks, as per request of the custodian, owners of adjacent lands to be required to build their half, and that further improvements asked for on those parks be deferred for more specific estimates; that the Board have one meeting a month and that the second Friday is preferable; that the Board ask D. V. Palmer, deputy state fish and game warden, to furnish an estimate on the cost of building a dam at the outlet of Mud Lake.

*Resolution.*—The following resolution was adopted: That before shelters or structures are erected in any of the state parks that the Board consult the Structural Engineering Department at Ames as to plans, and secure estimates, and that native materials be used so far as possible.

*New Area Offered.*—Mrs. McNider presented an offer of Clinton Merrick of Forest City to present to the state, cost free, five acres of partly wooded land, adjacent to Forest City, and the matter was referred to Mrs. McNider for further investigation and report.

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*The Iowa News*, Du Buque, says:

"Instructions have been received at the Land Office in this place to reserve from sale, by pre-emption or otherwise, six or eight entire townships of land, embracing all that part of the country on which mines have been discovered. This is gross injustice to the settlers who have expended their labor and capital in improving farms, on land known to contain no mineral. We shall notice this subject at length hereafter."

So you have discovered at last that this administration can do an act of gross injustice.—*Missouri Republican*, St. Louis, June 15, 1889. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical Department of Iowa.)

## NOTABLE DEATHS

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JAMES S. CLARKSON was born at Brookville, Indiana, May 17, 1842, and died at the home of his son at Newark, New Jersey, May 31, 1918. Burial was in Woodland Cemetery, Des Moines, Iowa. When a mere boy he commenced to learn the printing trade in the office of his father, who was a newspaper man in Indiana. In 1855 he came with his parents to Grundy County, Iowa, where his father had bought a tract of prairie land. He remained with his parents on this pioneer farm for eleven years. He enlisted twice in the Union Army but was both times rejected for physical reasons. In 1866 he came to Des Moines and took a "case" as a compositor in the *Register* office. Several months after that he became city editor under Frank W. Palmer, who was then the editor. In 1869 Mr. Palmer resigned to run for Congress and Clarkson was made editor. Soon thereafter the *Register* was purchased by the Clarkson Company composed of Coker F. Clarkson and his two sons, Richard and James S. The latter became the editor. He was by nature a newspaper editor, being master of a vigorous style. He at once gained great prominence and influence. He became active in business and led in the movements that brought the Burlington, the Wabash and other railway lines into Des Moines. He was an aggressive Republican and an active politician. In 1868, while he was still city editor, he had become chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, which position he held several years. In 1867 he was offered the mission to Switzerland by President Grant, but declined. In 1871 he was appointed postmaster at Des Moines and served six years and resigned because he disagreed with President Hays on his southern policy. In 1881 President Garfield offered him a foreign mission, but he declined it. In 1889 he was appointed by President Harrison first assistant postmaster-general and served one year, and was offered the mission to China, or to Russia, but declined. He was a delegate to the Republican national conventions of 1876, 1880, 1884, 1888, 1892, and 1896. He was a member of the Republican National Committee from 1880 to 1896 and was chairman of the committee from 1890 to 1892, and was president of the Republican League of the United States from 1891 to 1893. In 1891 he sold his interest in the *Register* and removed to New York City and organized the New York and New Jersey Bridge Company and was made president of it. In 1902 President Roosevelt appointed him surveyor of customs for the port of New York. His career as editor and as political manager was most distinguished. He was a real national leader and was associated with the leading statesmen and political leaders of the country. During the last several years of his life his home was at Sleepy Hollow Farm, Tarrytown, New York.



HENRY SABIN was born at Pomfret, Connecticut, October 23, 1829, and died at Chulavista, California, March 22, 1918. The body was cremated at San Diego, California. He was fitted for college at Woodstock Academy, Connecticut, and at the age of eighteen entered Amherst College, and was graduated in 1852. He adopted the profession of teaching as a life work, beginning at Abington, Connecticut. He was in charge of the Union School at Naugatuck, Connecticut, for five years, and then became owner and principal of the Collegiate Institute at Matawan, New Jersey. In 1864 he became principal of the Eaton Grammar School, New Haven, Connecticut. He came to Clinton, Iowa, as superintendent of city schools in 1870. He soon attained leadership in educational affairs in Iowa and became president of the State Teachers' Association in 1878. The address he gave on that occasion was long the model of educational addresses from the standpoint of literary form and masterly eloquence. In 1887 he was elected state superintendent of public instruction, and was re-elected in 1889. In 1891 he was defeated along with the rest of the Republican ticket, but in 1893 he was again elected and was also re-elected in 1895, serving eight years in that office. He was president of the department of superintendence of the National Educational Association in 1895, and was a working and effective member of the association for many years. The report he made as chairman of the Committee of Twelve on Rural Schools was perhaps his most notable contribution to educational thought. After retiring as state superintendent he organized and maintained a teachers' exchange in partnership with his elder son, and wrote books and delivered addresses. His best known books are "Talks to Young People," "Common Sense Didactics for Country School Teachers," "Horace Mann's Country School," and "Organization and System vs. Originality and Individuality on the Part of Teaching Pupils." During the last few years of his life he resided in California.

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HARRISON LYMAN WATERMAN was born at Corydon, New Hampshire, November 19, 1840, and died at Ottumwa, Iowa, May 21, 1918. When he was six years old his father died and he lived with an uncle at Orange, Vermont, for eight years. At fourteen years of age he returned to New Hampshire, going to Claremont where he worked on a farm three years, attending school in the winters. In 1858 he went to California by way of the Isthmus. He remained there three years, doing farm work and teaching school. He returned east in 1861, traveling on horseback from Sacramento to Omaha and by stagecoach from Omaha to Eddyville, the most western point of railroad then. He then spent about two years in the scientific department of Harvard University, and was graduated with the degree of S. B. He enlisted in September, 1862, in the Forty-seventh Massachusetts Infantry and served one year. In 1864 he was commissioned second lieutenant, First New York Volunteer Engineers, and was promoted to first lieutenant. He came to Iowa

the fall of 1865 and for four years was a civil engineer with the Burlington railroad. In 1870 he located at Ottumwa. He became vice president and general manager of the Wapello Coal Company and in 1884 was put in charge of the coal interests of the Burlington railroad, and remained such until his death. He was mayor of Ottumwa from 1880 to 1884, and was elected senator from Wapello County in 1893 and served in the Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-sixth extra general assemblies. In the Twenty-sixth he was chairman of the Appropriations Committee. On February 13, 1900, Governor Shaw appointed him as a member of the Board of Control, but he declined. He was connected with many large business enterprises in Ottumwa.

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ALFRED HENRY McVEY was born near Washington Court House, Fayette County, Ohio, April 28, 1843, and died at his home in Des Moines, Iowa, May 25, 1918. In 1861 he enlisted in the Seventy-ninth Ohio Infantry and served three years, when he was discharged for physical disability. He then resumed his studies and was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, in 1868. He was also graduated the same year from the Cincinnati Law School. In 1869 he opened a law office at Wilmington, Ohio, and also edited the *Wilmington Journal*. In 1873 he went to Toledo and became attorney for railroads and other interests. He compiled "McVey's Digest of the Ohio Law Reports." In January, 1884, he went to Des Moines and formed a partnership with C. C. Cole and James Clark. The firm attained prominence especially in fire insurance practice. Mr. Clark retired and his place was taken by Thomas A. Cheshire and the firm became Cole, McVey & Cheshire. This partnership was dissolved in 1896 when Judge McVey formed a partnership with his son, Edmund H. McVey. In 1901 Governor Shaw appointed him to a vacancy on the district bench. He continued in this position until 1906. After leaving the bench he resumed practice and had great success until failing health overtook him. He had a fine home just west of Des Moines and interested himself in fine stock. This home with his valuable library was entirely destroyed by fire a few years before his death. He stood high as a lawyer and Christian gentleman.

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FRANK ALVIN GOTCH was born on a farm near Humboldt, Iowa, April 29, 1877, and died at Humboldt, December 16, 1917. He received a common school education and developed into a typical young farmer. He early acquired the reputation of being the champion wrestler of the neighborhood and in 1899 began to enter the class of professional wrestlers. From then until 1913, when he retired, he had over 150 wrestling matches in different parts of the United States and Alaska, winning all but 8 of them, and they being in the earlier part of his career. In 1904 he won the American championship and in 1908, the world's championship in wrestling, catch-as-catch-can. He was unde-

feated at the time of his retirement. His weight was from 200 to 210 pounds. He was compactly built, wonderfully muscled, of rare strength, was quick to think, and had great will power, endurance, speed, and skill. He made a fortune wrestling. In the less than a year that he spent in Alaska he accumulated and returned with \$35,000. He invested most of his savings from time to time in good Iowa farms. He was of good personal habits and of good business judgment. He was a director in the Peoples State Bank of Humboldt and was interested in other enterprises. It is said he made more money after his retirement than before. He took an active part in politics the last few years of his life. He had a pleasing and winning personality and would have succeeded in almost any line he might have chosen to enter. He did much to put the wrestling game on a higher and cleaner plane.

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WILLIAM E. FULLER was born in Center County, Pennsylvania, March 30, 1846, and died at Washington, District of Columbia, April 23, 1918. Burial was at West Union, Iowa. He came with his parents to West Union in 1853. He attended Upper Iowa University and the Iowa State University, and was graduated from the Law Department of the latter in 1870. Previous to this, in 1866-67, he had held a position in the Interior Department at Washington. In 1870 he began the practice of law at West Union, which he continued, aside from intervals of public service, until 1907. He early engaged actively in politics as a stump speaker and as a campaign manager. In 1875 he was elected representative and served in the Sixteenth General Assembly. In 1884 he was elected to Congress, and re-elected two years later, serving in the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth congresses. He was a member of the Judiciary and other important committees. In 1897 he was a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. In 1901 President McKinley appointed him assistant attorney-general for the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission and he served in this position until 1907, when he resigned, after which he lived a retired life at West Union. He was a man of fine character.

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WILLIAM W. MOORE, popularly known in late years as "Uncle Billy" Moore, was born in Madison, Indiana, April 1, 1832, and died in Des Moines, Iowa, May 5, 1918. Soon after his birth his parents removed to Franklin, Indiana. There he began, at eleven years of age, to clerk in a store. He followed that vocation there four years, when he came to Iowa. He walked from Keokuk to Des Moines, arriving there May 6, 1847 with only fifteen cents in his pocket. He followed clerking awhile and then bought a drug store on the corner of Second and Market streets. Later he opened a dry goods store on Second and Vine streets. In 1852 he bought the southeast corner of Walnut and Fourth, extending to the alleys east and south, for \$600. Reserving the corner he sold the rest for \$20,000, and on the corner he erected a two story

frame building and opened a store there. In the early seventies he moved the store off and erected Moore's Hall, a three story brick building, the first exclusive amusement hall in the city. Later he remodeled it and it became Moore's Opera House. He conducted these amusement places many years, but in his later years he ran a book store on Fourth Street. At the time of his death he had the distinction of being the oldest continuous resident of the city.

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JOHN D. GLASS was born in Monroe County, Ohio, November 3, 1844, and died at Mason City, Iowa, June 11, 1918. When about ten years old he accompanied his parents in their removal to a farm near Postville, Clayton County, Iowa. He attended common school in Clayton County. In 1865 he entered the Academic Department of the State University of Iowa and, in 1869, the Law Department, and was graduated therefrom in 1870. Soon thereafter he began the practice of law with Hon. William E. Fuller at West Union, but in October, 1871, removed to Mason City, and entered the practice there, continuing until September, 1916. At various times during this period of forty-five years he headed firms in association with Charles H. Hughes, James H. McConlogue, Robert M. Witwer, and his son, Remley J. Glass. He was an active member of the Baptist church, and was superintendent of the Sunday School for twenty years. He was mayor of Mason City from 1877 to 1879, was elected state senator in 1883, serving in the Twentieth and Twenty-first general assemblies, and was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1888. He was active in politics in city, county, and state. He was organizer of the Mason City Building & Loan Association and its president many years.

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JOHN JOSEPH KEANE was born at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, Ireland, September 12, 1839, and died at Dubuque, Iowa, June 22, 1918. He came with his parents to Baltimore, Maryland, in 1846, obtained his elementary education in the public schools of Baltimore, and worked as a salesman in a dry goods store in Baltimore for two years. In 1860 he entered St. Charles College, Endicott City, Maryland, where he studied classics, and was graduated in 1862. He then entered St. Mary's Seminary and studied theology. In 1866 he was ordained a priest and assigned to St. Patrick's parish, Washington, D. C., as assistant pastor. In 1878 he was consecrated Bishop of Richmond. In 1884 he took part in the Third Plenary Council at Baltimore. Then he was assigned to instituting and upbuilding the Catholic University of America. He gave that institution his time and energies until 1896 when, on the summoning of Leo XII, he went to Rome and lent his talent and learning to the pontifical authority. In 1900 he was installed Archbishop of Dubuque. He was a man of great learning and ability and of exalted character and influence.



WILLIAM B. MARTIN was born at Rochester, Vermont, March 17, 1846, and died at Des Moines, Iowa, June 11, 1916. He spent his early life on a farm, attended common school and for two years he attended the State Normal School of Vermont. In 1867 he removed to Geneseo, Illinois, where he taught school and farmed. In 1869 he came to Adair County, Iowa, bought a piece of land and commenced farming. He served as county auditor from 1874 to 1880 and then engaged in the abstract, real estate and loan business. In 1893 he was elected representative, and was re-elected two years later, serving in the Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-sixth extra general assemblies. In the first one of these sessions he was the author of the so-called Martin Bill, which passed and became the famous Mullet Law, establishing a new policy for the liquor business in Iowa, and which remained the settled policy of the state for twenty years. In 1900 he was elected secretary of state and was re-elected for the two subsequent terms, serving from 1901 to 1907. Upon retiring from that office he engaged in real estate business in Des Moines, and also became president of the Iowa Trust and Savings Bank in Des Moines. He owned 1000 acres of Iowa land at the time of his death. He was a vigorous and successful business and public man.

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MCKERCHER J. RANDALL was born in Worth County, Iowa, May 17, 1872, and died at his home in Cedar Rapids, May 9, 1918. He was educated in common schools, Northwood High School, Decorah Institute, Iowa State College at Ames, Central Pennsylvania College, Drake University, and the State University of Iowa, and was graduated from the Law Department of the latter in 1901. Previously to this, in 1894, he was licensed as a minister of the United Evangelical church and in 1897 was ordained, and for a few of the following years was pastor at Afton, Lisbon, and Cedar Rapids. After taking his law course he practiced at Mount Vernon and Lisbon, being in partnership with William Dennis, until 1908, when he removed to Cedar Rapids, becoming the senior member of the firm of Randall & Harding. While at Lisbon he served as a member of the school board and as mayor of the town. In 1916 he was elected representative and served in the Thirty-seventh General Assembly. He was grand master of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, in 1914-1915, and was grand representative from Iowa in 1917-1918.

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GEORGE W. CROOKS was born in Clay County, Indiana, July 26, 1836, and died at Boone, Iowa, January 18, 1918. He came with his parents when, in 1845, they removed to Fairfield, Iowa, and in 1847 to a farm near Boonesboro. In 1855 he removed to Boonesboro and took employment in a flour and sawmill. In 1861 he assisted in raising Company D, Tenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry, and was commissioned first lieutenant, but because of poor health was mustered out in August,

1861. In 1863 he was appointed sheriff of Boone County and by reason of repeated elections he served until 1874. In 1873 he was admitted to the bar and formed a partnership with I. N. Kidder, which continued until 1882. In 1877 he was elected representative and served in the Seventeenth General Assembly. From 1882 to 1891 he was associated with R. F. Jordan in the practice of law, and subsequently to that, with J. J. Snell. He retired from practice in 1908. Mr. Crooks was a Democrat in politics, was a good lawyer with a large practice, and a man held in high esteem.

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THOMAS BOWMAN was born at Wiscasset, Maine, May 25, 1848, and died at Council Bluffs, Iowa, December 1, 1917. Burial was at Dresden, Maine. He came to Council Bluffs in 1868. For awhile he was manager of the Crystal Mills on Main Street. He was also for some time a member of the firm of Bowman & Rohrer, handling insurance, storage and implements, but his interest was largely in politics. In 1872 he was elected city assessor, and in 1876 county treasurer, and was re-elected in 1878. In 1882 he became mayor of the city. He was postmaster during Cleveland's administration, 1885 to 1889. In 1890 he was elected to Congress and served in the Fifty-second Congress. He was postmaster again during Cleveland's second term, 1893 to 1897. During the famous 1896 campaign he was a Gold Standard Democrat. He was active in the organization of the Citizens State Bank, the Odd Fellows Building Association, the Driving Park, the Fair Association, and the Sportsman's Club. He was interested as part owner at different times in the *Frie Press*, the *Daily Globe*, and the *Times*.

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ANSON D. BICKNELL was born at Westmoreland, Oneida County, New York, December 30, 1838, and died at Humboldt, Iowa, April 20, 1918. He attended common schools and Rome (New York) Academy. He came to Dakota City, Humboldt County, in 1862, and worked as a farm hand in summer and taught school in winter. He removed to Fort Dodge in 1863, remaining there until 1868 when he removed to Humboldt, and made that his home the remainder of his life. He followed farming for some time after his return to Humboldt. In 1872 and 1873 he was county superintendent of schools of Humboldt County. In 1877 he engaged in the practice of law. In 1879 he was elected representative and served in the Eighteenth General Assembly. He was twice mayor of Humboldt. He was a student of science, particularly of geology and astronomy, and of literature and history, a traveler and lecturer. He was the owner of Riverside Park near Humboldt, which, since his death, has been given by his widow and heirs to the city of Humboldt.

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HENRY BOYDEN BLOOD was born at Charlton, Massachusetts, September 15, 1835, and died at Keokuk, Iowa, November 2, 1917. In 1857 he went to Washington, D. C., as a civil engineer. In 1861 he entered the

government service and was sent to Cuba in July to superintend some railroad construction near Havana. In April, 1862, he was appointed assistant quartermaster of volunteers with rank of captain. He served under Generals McDowell, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, and Grant and was commissioned lieutenant-colonel. He was mustered out the fall of 1865. In 1876 he was sent to Keokuk to look after certain railroad interests of eastern capitalists. He superintended the construction of the railroad from Keokuk to Mount Pleasant. He then remained permanently at Keokuk, first becoming interested in the Keokuk Plow Works, and later engaging in insurance business. He served for a time as a member of the Keokuk City Council.

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THOMAS G. HARPER was born in Greene County, Ohio, January 13, 1853, and died at Burlington, Iowa, December 15, 1917. He removed with his parents to Mercer County, Illinois, in 1857 and in 1861 to Monmouth, Illinois. He attended public schools and for a time an academy at Xenia, Ohio. He read law under Judge William C. Norcross, of Monmouth, and was admitted to the bar at Mount Vernon, Illinois, in November, 1880. He practiced at Roseville, Illinois, until 1883, when he removed to Burlington, Iowa, to act as counsel for the Burlington Insurance Company, which he continued to do until 1896, after which time he conducted a general practice. In 1893 he was elected state senator and served in the Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-sixth extra general assemblies. He was a useful legislator and a public-spirited citizen, serving on the city council and board of education. For nine years he was president of the Iowa State Good Roads Committee.

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ALVA L. FRISBIE was born in Delaware County, New York, October 22, 1830, and died in Des Moines, Iowa, December 17, 1917. He was reared on the farm of an uncle, his father having died. He attended college at Oberlin, Ohio, and later at Amherst, Massachusetts. His theological training was obtained at Yale Divinity and at Andover Theological schools. His first pastorate was at Ansonia, Connecticut. After He was admitted to the bar in 1893. In 1894 he removed to Perry and engaged in practice there. For two years he served as justice of the peace, was city solicitor four years, and deputy county attorney one year. On April 13, 1907, he was appointed judge of the superior court at Perry. In 1910 he was elected one of the district judges of the Fifth Judicial District, a position he held from January, 1911, until his death.

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JOHN FOX was born in Yorkshire, England, January 24, 1841, and died at Dallas Center, Iowa, May 27, 1916. He came with his parents to America in 1845, the family settling at Allegheny City, Pennsylvania. Here he attended common school. In 1855 they removed to a farm in Ohio. In August, 1861, he enlisted in Company G, Twentieth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and was honorably discharged in 1864. He taught



school in Ohio a few terms before and after the war, and also a few terms after coming to Iowa. He came to Iowa County, Iowa, in 1868, and to Dallas County in 1869. He engaged in farming, was a short time in the grain business, and was four years in the mercantile business. He was elected representative in 1906, and re-elected in 1908, serving in the Thirty-second, Thirty-second extra and Thirty-third general assemblies.

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FRANK E. AYRES was born in Chickasaw County, Iowa, April 13, 1859, and died at Iowa City, June 13, 1918. He attended common school, and school at Decorah and at Breckenridge Institute. When fourteen years of age he left home to enter a business career. In 1885 and 1886 he served as deputy treasurer of Chickasaw County. In 1887 he entered the lumber business on his own account at Lawler. He was a member of the town council at Lawler and also served as mayor. In 1899 he was elected representative and served in the Twenty-eighth General Assembly. In 1903 he removed to Iowa City and engaged in the lumber business there, retaining his lumber interests at Lawler. He was also interested in an implement business at Iowa City. He was an owner of extensive pine timber lands in the South. He was president of the Iowa City Commercial Club from 1909 to 1912.

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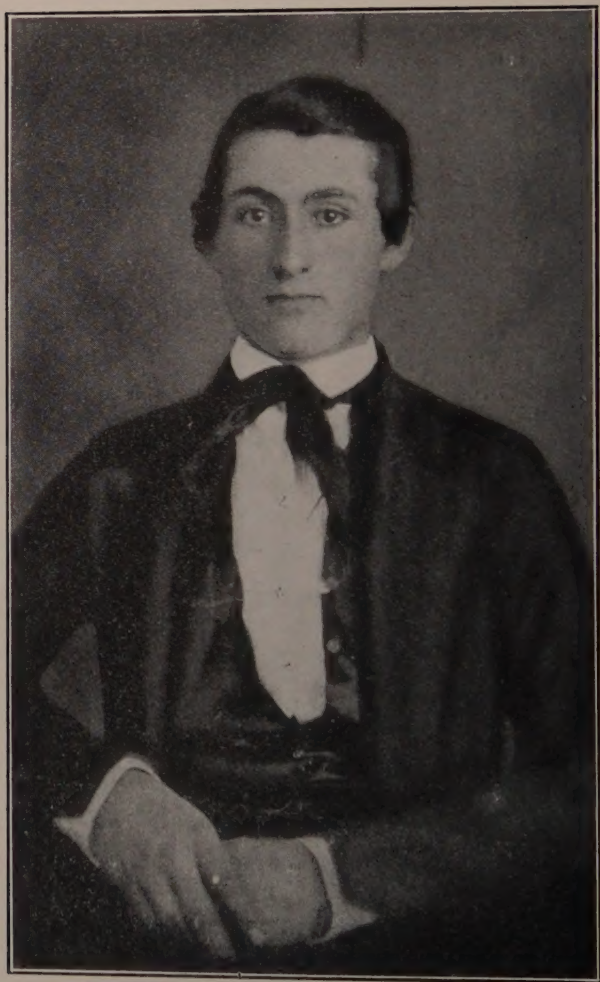
JOHN W. CAMPBELL was born in Green County, Wisconsin, March 2, 1852, and died at his home in Fort Dodge, Iowa, October 17, 1915. He came to Webster County in 1873 and taught school in Dayton, Gowrie, and Lake City. He became deputy treasurer of Webster County in 1878, serving four years, then was elected county treasurer and served four years, when he became county auditor, and served two years. He was connected with the First National Bank of Fort Dodge for three years, helped to organize the Commercial National Bank at Fort Dodge in 1891, becoming its cashier and so remaining until his death. In 1910 he was elected representative and served in the Thirty-fourth General Assembly.

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DENNIS HAMBLIN was born at Summerhill, New York, March 28, 1836, and died at Clarinda, Iowa, January 10, 1916. Interment was at his home at Sharpsburg, Taylor County. He lived in New York state until grown to manhood, and then came west. In 1861 he enlisted at St. Charles, Illinois, in the Fifty-eighth Illinois Infantry. He was wounded and came home, but recovered and returned and served to the end of the war. Soon thereafter he came to Taylor County, Iowa, and engaged in farming. He held many offices of trust in his township and in 1883 was elected representative and served in the Twentieth General Assembly. In 1901 he was appointed a rural mail route inspector and served five years with marked usefulness. His district included sixteen states.







FANCHER STIMSON

(From a daguerreotype of about 1850, age about twenty-one years.)